C-221-5-6
C 2

W Bronscombe 1st 30 Nov 08

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 2 MONTREAL, JANUARY 10, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Dr. Alexaieff's Patient.

'Come in!' said Dr. Alexaieff, as a knock came at the door of the cosy warm room where he was sitting with his wife one afternoon, after a long country round which had begun at five o'clock that morning.

The manservant entered.

'Barin,' said he, 'a lad has just come, begging you to go to the inn at Kalinska, to see a sick traveller just arrived.'

'Dr. Köhler lives nearer Kalinska than I do,' replied the doctor; 'why was not he sent for?'

'I asked the same question, Barin, and was told that Dr. Köhler has been ill in bed since the day before yesterday.'

'All the same, go not, Fedia,' said Dr. Alexaieff's wife earnestly. 'Thou art so weary, and the weather is bad.'

The doctor did not at once reply. He was a conscientious Christian man, who always tried to do his duty; and now he endeavored to put aside his own feelings and inclinations, to forget how jaded and tired he was, and to ask himself honestly what was the right thing to do.

The silence did not last long. When he looked up again both the wife and the servant knew that his decision was made, and both loved and revered him the more for it.

'Go,' Nicolai,' said the doctor, 'order the sledge and pair, and I will drive myself; I start at once.'

'Ach, Fedia,' exclaimed the doctor's wife, 'if go thou must, then take me with thee.'

'But bethink thee, Olga, what if the weather, that looks now so threatening, became worse! Knowest thou, wife, that old Kostia, the weather prophet, who reads the signs of heaven and earth like an open book, foretells a storm for this day or the morrow?'

'So much the more reason that I should be at thy side, my husband,' said Olga tenderly, and the doctor said no more.

'Who knows, Fedia! Perhaps I may be able to help thee with the patient. Thou knowest I am no novice at this kind of work,' said the doctor's wife, as they drove off.

'No, there sayest thou truly, my Olga. Never shall I forget thy devotion and skill when thou didst tend the wife of that scapegrace brother of thine, Vassili, when he ran away and left her penniless, sick, and with two little children to care for.'

'Ah, Fedia—and thou who rememberest the good deeds of others, but forgettest thine own—pray, who was it that gave the poor young mother a home, and sent her children to school, and found her employment when she was able to work?

Dr. Alexaieff did not answer. But just then a sudden keen blast swept up behind them, and glancing over his shoulder, he saw a heavy cloud coming up before the wind.

'A snow-storm!' he said, 'and a bad one! See, Olga, the big trotter Kishka knows what is coming and is afraid.'

Then leaning forward, the doctor encouraged his horses with voice and rein, urging them to their utmost speed. The fast trot became a headlong gallop, and the sledge flew over the snow, the blizzard blinding and deafening the passengers. But happily the horses knew the way, having often been the same road; and their driver was fain to trust to them, for all the land-marks to which he had been accustomed, had vanished under a white shroud.

The darkness had come, and the lamps were all lighted in Kalinska, when the sledge, which looked like a shapeless gliding snow-drift, drawn by panting, steaming horses, dashed up to the inn.

And when the yard-men sprang to take charge of the horses, the landlord himself came forward to greet the doctor.

'No one else would have braved such weather to see a stranger,' he said, in flattering tones; but Dr. Alexaieff did not seem to hear him. He only said, as the man relieved the passengers of their snow-laden fur-cloaks—

'Where is the patient? Show the way, please.' Then to his wife, 'Stay there, Olga, in the coffee-room; I will call thee if there be anything thou canst do.'

The doctor was a long time upstairs, and his wife wondered what could be keeping him. She had ordered tea, and the samovar was hissing and bubbling on its stand, ready for the tea-making; and the freshly-sliced lemon was spreading its fragrance through the room.

Suddenly the door opened, and the doctor appeared.

'Ach, dear, at last!' exclaimed Olga. 'Well, am I wanted?'

'Yes,' replied her husband. 'Yes, indeed, thou——'

'What is it, Fedia? How strange is thy face! What ails thee?' she cried.

'Come up with me and thou shalt know.'

And with glowing cheeks and eyes that shone through tears, the doctor led the way, and Olga followed. He threw open a door on the first landing, and they entered, Olga first. As she came forward, there was a cry of mingled pain and gladness, and a wan face on the pillow of the low bed was half lifted.

With an answering cry of pure joy, and a murmur of 'Ach, Vassili! God be praised, I see thee again! My brother! My poor dear!' Olga dropped on her knees by the bedside, while the sick man sobbed out a confession of his sin, and told of his true repentance, and of his resolve to begin a new life. With his softened, pleading face upturned to that of his sister, he begged for news of his wife and little ones.

'But that I am sick and may die,' said he sadly, 'I could speak with more confidence of the change that has come into my heart, and which I had hoped to show in a changed life; but now——' and his voice broke.

'Fear not, my brother Vassili,' said the doctor, taking his patient's hand in a firm warm clasp. 'Fear not. It is borne in upon my mind as I look at thee, that this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God. And when the dear Lord hath healed thy body, as I believe He hath already cured that sin-sick soul of thine, thy heart and life shall be consecrated to Him for ever.

'And as for thy sister and myself—I am assured that we shall never have cause to regret that we braved together the dangers of the winter storm and driving snow, to come to the aid of the sick stranger lying helpless and forlorn in the inn at Kalinska.'

—M. E. R., in the 'Child's Companion.'

With Dr. Grenfell.

Hunger and Cold, and Sorrows Even Harder, to Bear.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Amongst other additions to our ship's complement accumulated during a particularly trying stretch of our last northern tour, we had one poor fellow on board suffering greatly from an incurable internal disease, and a mother and baby also needing hospital treatment. Thus it was with considerable satisfaction that we saw the wind veer off the land and give us a chance of an easier journey to our northern hospital at Indian Harbor. On arriving there was still time before dusk to see the patients at the hospital and get ready for operation before breakfast next morning those that needed it. This left us good time to visit a number of the small places on the long inlet of 150 miles up which we were now bound. On the outside, poorer settlers dwell. Here they do not do so well trapping in winter, and in the struggle for existence, being isolated from their fellows, they have mostly fallen behind. A solitary settler on Blue Island Head had been engaged to look after and obtain some wood fuel for our steamer during the spring, so that we might ensure the scattered folk round some remunerative work to do, as they were short of food. On heaving to off the Head we sighted the wood pile with our glasses. On going ashore we found the man away—three bare-footed children and the wife were alone in a very empty house. It was beautifully clean, but very threadbare. 'Where's Jim? Is he out fishing?' we asked. 'He be to Twisty Bight trying to shoot a seal to eat, Doctor.' 'Are you very short, then?' 'There be only dry flour and a bit o' Oleo in the house,' she replied. 'No molasses?' 'Not a sup these three weeks.' 'Have you anything to purchase any?' 'Jim have three Ranger skins here.' These I purchased, adding, 'Don't you want to take part of it in some molasses from the ship?' 'Us owes all that money to —— for flour in the spring.' She left me in no doubt that she intended keeping it for him. I wondered if the hungry children were mine whether I should have done the same. From here we ran over to a 'Bight' on the south side of the bay. . . . . With half a gale of wind behind us, and a swinging tide, we made 110 knots down the bay in ten hours—almost a record for our little ship. In this bay a good deal of wood is cut for us by poor families, in return for various forms of help, chiefly clothing. Clothing in Labrador is expensive, and the wool as a rule is not of the woolliest. It therefore is a very great help to a family if they can in any way earn some good material, and so all such placed in our care for this purpose proves every bit useful. The supply available from all his attainable sources had not, however, enabled one of our friends to stock the whole family. It was dead low water spring tide when we anchored off Blue Island Point. The spot where he lived is closed off by a barrier reef of ice-borne boulders, and the wood had to be 'spelled' down over half a mile of rocks outside, on which we hauled our dories up. The family turned out to help, and it would have made a great picture could we have reproduced it—the various sized workers and their various loads, crawling over the foreshore in a sort of endless chain. The smallest was a tiny, thin, barefooted, and I might almost say naked little boy, just able to crawl along with one fair sized billet at a time. His determination to play the rôle of wage-earner, and the solemn dignity with which he set out each time on his long trip, added just that comic touch to the undertaking which helps to make a wearisome task light. Before we left I was able to fit the child out with some warmer garments, and to purchase in exchange his inimitable nether garment, the first texture of which was in actual fact only discoverable, on the supposition that the solitary pocket left was in the original patch. Washed and ironed, they form an admirable sermon on domestic economy in Labrador. Their only extant rival was oddly enough procured the same day at Indian Hospital by the matron—the garment being presumably from the position it occupied on a little scrap of a girl, an omnium gatherum of all the normal coverings of that section of the human frame. Another unfortunate family came for help this day. Two winters in succession their house has been burned down together with everything in it. The young mother's story is one of the saddest I know. Left an orphan in a large family, she had married at twelve years of age a Scotch cooper in the employ of the great Fur Trading Company, and the same year returned with him to the North of Scotland. At first he was kind to her. He proved a hard drinker, however, and so abused her that the police persuaded her to return to Labrador. Seven years later, hearing no news, she married again. It was just one of those cases one felt privileged to assist in.

There are sorrows, however, harder to bear even than hunger and cold. A young skipper who last week went from home here, left his curly-haired three-year-old boy playing about the house while he was away in the boat. It was his only child. It apparently ran out to play on the wharf with a little playmate, and then fell over. Only the poor, cold clay greeted the skipper's home-coming.

Wilfred T. Grenfell, C.M.G., M.D.

A Prayer.

Grant, God of Love, thy help this day.
That I, thy child, may walk the way
Of truth, and understand what thou
Wouldst have me do to serve thee now.

O, God, be near me every hour;
Defend me by thy mighty power—
My heart is faint, my will is weak;
Unworthy, I thy blessing seek.

Kind Father, help me, that I may
Avoid the sins of yesterday;
Grant strength to do and grace to see,
And show thy mercy, Lord, on me.

—George H. Nelson, in the 'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

A Civil Engineer's Experience.

'It has always been our resolve, in connection with engineering works, to have no labor employed on Sunday, if it could in any way be avoided; of course, in cases of emergency or danger, it would be necessary, but, as far as possible, nothing else justified it.

'We once carried out an important tunnel, two miles in length, the contract being executed by a well-known firm, and it was completed in a record short time. When finished, the contractor said to me: 'This absence of Sunday work has saved considerable time; we have just finished another important tunnel, elsewhere, in which not only was Sunday work allowed, but it was ordered by the Company, and was found that both loss of time and unnecessary expense resulted. The men came back worn out on Monday, instead of being refreshed by a Sunday's rest; the boys, the horses, the very engines and boilers, need their Sunday!'

'Sunday is known as the Lord's Day, and it is the duty of all to observe it as such in memory of our Lord, and not to devote it to travelling or pleasure, which generally entails labor on the part of others for our convenience, and which robs them of opportunities for worship and rest. Let us make the Day as bright and cheery as possible, using it for mental and spiritual growth, for acts of kindness and mercy, and for the relief of sickness and distress. Sir Matthew Hale's verses are still very much to the point:—

A Sunday well-spent, brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

'France and some other Continental countries have to a great extent lost their Sundays, and are now endeavoring to regain them; let us not, as Britishers, do anything to break them down.'—From a deeply interesting work, entitled, 'River, Road, and Rail,' by Francis Fox, Memb. Inst. Civil Engineers.

A collector at Bombay has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked 'Heathen Idol,' and next to it a gold piece marked 'Christian Idol.'

Religious Notes.

Under the leadership of that valiant Christian statesman, Mr. S. Shimada, M.P., an association has been formed in Tobio to fight corruption in political circles. The nation is certainly aroused to its needs of a better code of morals, or rather to the purpose and power to realize its highest ideals. And there is a growing feeling that Christianity alone can accomplish this work.

Mrs. W. E. H. Hipwedd, of Shiu-hing, has lately placed a Bible-woman at Hok-shaan (Shell Hills), a town about a day and a half's journey from Shiu-hing. Of this woman, Mrs. Hipwell wrote on December 2:

'She was trained in the Shiu-hing women's school. Baptized seven years ago, she had small opportunity of learning the Gospel, as no Bible-woman or missionary lived nearer than 100 miles away. She was determined to learn more of the Gospel, and travelled for two days, walking over hills for over 20 miles, and then by boat up the river to the Shiu-hing women's school, where she studied for two years. Then she went back to her village to teach others what she heard of the Gospel. She is now a C. M. S. Bible-woman, the first witness to the Hakka tribe there.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

In German Southwest Africa lives the powerful tribe of the Ovambos. The missionaries of the Rhenish and the Finnish missionary societies have been proclaiming the Gospel unto these fetish worshippers faithfully and prayerfully for many years. Now reports come that at last the power of the Gospel is becoming manifest and these heathen are beginning to seek Christ. Mr. Tönjes, one of the faithful missionaries, writes that he now has under instruction twenty Ovambos who desire to be baptized. Among these is a very old man who had applied for baptism several times before, but had been turned back by the missionary. This time he came with tears, begging to be received. A great change has taken place in him. He is quiet and peaceable, and, in spite of his age, walks regularly the distance of several hours from his home to the mission station. One heathen came to the missionary and said: 'Teacher, thy words are commencing to burn in my heart.' Another heathen, one of the highest aids of the chief, came to the home of the missionary who began to speak to him concerning the resurrection of the dead and the judgment. He listened attentively for some time, then he said: 'Teacher, I will gladly listen to all thy sayings, but do not speak of those things. They cause me to tremble and make me afraid.' Thus the Word of God proves itself 'quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: Mrs. T. S. Chester, Gibsons Landing, B.C., $1.00; Mrs. E. Making, Hamilton, Ont., $1.00; Mrs. L. Evans, Nutana, Sask, $1.50.
Total.. .. ..$ 3.50

Received for the cots: A. M. Boosey, Embro, Ont., $1.25; Grade III. Model, St. Francis College, Richmond, $3.00; A Friend, North Keppel, 50 cents; A Friend, Miami, $1.00; A. D., H., Ont., $2.00.
Total.. .. ..$ 7.75

Received for the komatik: Two friends, Richmond, P. Que., $1.00; Archie Knox, Alma, 50 cents; Total.. .. .. $ 1.50
Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,153,83

Total received up to Dec. 24.. ..$ 1,166.08

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON.—SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1908.

Jesus and His First Disciples.

John i., 35-49. Memory verses 35-37. Read John i., 35-51.

Golden Text.

We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth. John i., 45.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 13.—John i., 35-51.
Tuesday, January 14.—Mark i., 1-20.
Wednesday, January 15.—Luke v., 1-11.
Thursday, January 16.—Matt. x., 1-15.
Friday, January 17.—Luke x., 1-20.
Saturday, January 18.—Acts i., 15-26.
Sunday, January 19.—Acts ii., 37-47.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Look at the third word in our golden text. We generally say that you have to 'lose' something before you can 'find' it, don't we? But there are a great many things in this world that men are gradually finding that have never been lost. They have been there in their places all the time, but no one has managed to see them. This continent of America was here all the long centuries before Columbus discovered it. The gold and silver lies for centuries under the ground over which men and animals walk before someone find its. But what does our text say that someone had 'found.' Jesus. Were you ever lost when you were little? A little girlie once went out with her mother and stopped to look in the window of a toy shop at the corner of a street. Her mother did not notice and turned the corner without her. That little girl is grown up now, but she says she will never forget how awful it felt when she looked out into the street again and found she was alone. She did not think of herself as lost, but she had lost her mother! Next minute of course the mother came back and the little girl sprang to meet her, saying, 'Oh, mamma, I've found you, I've found you!' Well, Jesus is near us all the time, but we sometimes can't see Him. He had been living on earth for thirty years, and all that time, so far as we know, there had been living in another little town near his home a man by the name of Philip. Of course he was not a man all that time, for Jesus and Philip must have been boys about the same time. But they didn't meet until after they were grown up. It is Philip who so gladly said the words of our text. Now let us see how and where they first met.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This is pre-eminently a study of personal work. The self-abnegation of John the Baptist is the first note struck. He has previously pointed his disciples to the Saviour, but they, seemingly unwilling to leave their master for another, are still with him when, on the day following he again sees Jesus and persuades the two then in his company to seek Christ. Although it is not definitely so stated, the evidence is so strong that it is generally accepted that John, the writer of this gospel, was one of the two, Andrew, we know, was the other. The different methods by which people may be led to Christ are shown in this lesson; by the influence of the pastor or teacher, by the compelling power of Christ's own personality, by the example of a friend. Here, too, is shown the reasonableness of our religion. There is an old saying that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' and we may reverently compare with it the Bible invitation, 'Oh taste and see that the Lord is good.' God does not ask blind acceptance on our part—'Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord.' So in the lesson to-day we have twice the invitation, 'Come and see.' In the first case Christ knew that behind the hesitating question as to where he was staying there was the real desire to know more of him—'Come,' he said, 'and see.' See, not the house he dwelt in, but the Man, his claims, and his purposes. In the second place it is Philip who gives the invitation. Like many a Christian to-day he felt incompetent to argue, but he knew Christ for himself and was confident in his power if only Nathanael could also meet him. So the one who is out of Christ must always lay his prejudices aside and simply 'come' if he would find Christ at all. It would have been no use for Nathanael to say, 'I don't see your friend. I don't believe in his existence. If he really were God's anointed, God would have made that plain to me.' 'Come, man, come. Come where he is. Come to him and then you will see, then God will make it plain to you, only come.'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

43. Follow me. The finding of the one was not the finding of the other. For John and Andrew there was the talk with Jesus through the hours of that never-to-be-forgotten evening; for Simon, the heart-searching word, convincing him he was known and his future read off; for Philip, a peremptory command; and for Nathanael, a gracious courtesy, disarming him of prejudice, assuring him of a perfect sympathy in the breast of the Lord. Thus there are those who seek Christ, those who are brought by others to Christ, those whom Christ seeks for Himself, those who come without doubts, and those who come with doubts.—George Reith, the Gospel of John.

The great problem is not how to save the world, but how to persuade each Christian that it is his business to be the means of saving some one man in the world.—C. H. Parkhurst.

It is not by searching thou canst find our God—it is by following Him.—George Matheson.

The nearer the soul is to us, the greater the responsibility for it.—T. L. Cuyler.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Dr. Trumbull, in his 'Individual Work for Individuals,' gives his own experience. When he wrote he had been editor of the 'Sunday School times' for more than twenty-five years—a paper that averaged more than 100,000 copies a week, and at times reached 150,000. He had, in addition, published thirty volumes, some of them with great research in lines never surpassed. He had addressed great numbers in public meetings. 'Yet,' he says, 'in looking back upon my work in all those years I can see more direct results of good through my individual efforts for individuals than I can know of through all my spoken words to thousands upon thousands of persons in religious assemblies, or all my written words. . . . Reaching one person at a time is the best way of reaching all the world in time. . . . Winning one soul at a time usually results in the winning of a multitude of souls in the process of time.'

Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? There is much loss in the world from our not recognizing that good can come from Nazareth. Much of comfort and hope and encouragement comes to many souls discouraged because they live in Nazareth, from the assurance that many of the best and greatest things in the world have come from conditions which Nazareth represents. It is very noticeable in all history that many of the great men in every department have sprung from the common people, so far as the absence of wealth, or rank, or great ancestry can make them common. Saints have come from amidst the dregs of humanity. Men and women of talent and genius have sprung from parents who gave no sign of such greatness. In the moral world, too, there are what the biologists term 'sports' in the natural world, unexpected and unexplainable developments.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Rev. xxii., 17; John x., 27; Heb. iv., 13; Prov. xi., 30; Dan. xii., 3; John ix., 4; Psalm xxxii., 2.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, January 19.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. II. How God speaks to men. Ps. 19.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, January 13.—Christ's baptism. Matt. iii., 13-17.

Tuesday, January 14.—A verse Christ quoted. Deut. viii., 3.

Wednesday, January 15.—Our prayer. Matt vi., 13.

Thursday, January 16.—Watch and pray Matt. xxvi., 41.

Friday, January 17.—Strong in the Lord Eph. vi., 10, 11.

Saturday, January 18.—Christ will help Heb. ii., 18.

Sunday, January 19.—Topic—Christ's temptations and ours. Matt iv., 1-11.

We Say So Too.

'A wide awake boy of about fourteen years came home from Sunday school one day, and, with the freedom with which boyhood usually expresses its feelings, announced to his parents that his Sunday school teacher made him "tired." When an explanation was demanded, he said: "Well, he preaches all the time. He don't do any teaching at all. He just preaches at us. What's the good of studying the lesson if the teacher isn't going to do anything but preach to us?" '—'Living Age.'

Never Pass Without a Greeting.

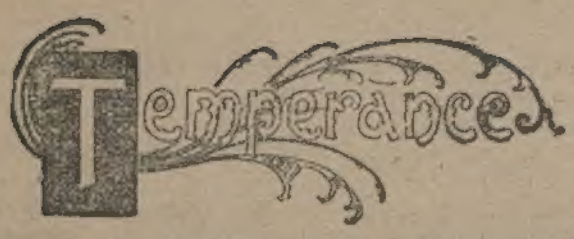
When you meet a scholar on the street, give him a smile of recognition and address him by name. This will be worth much to you and more to the scholar. Never pass one by without a greeting. When practicable, stop and shake hands and say a few pleasant words. Your heart will beat faster when you overhear, as you pass on, 'That is my Sabbath-school teacher; isn't she nice?' Remember the wise saying, 'He who has his hand on the head of a child has it on the heart of the mother.'—'Black.'

Explain the Contribution Box.

It is not enough to pass the contribution-box every Sunday for them to put in the pennies they have brought. Does the child clearly know why he has brought his penny? Some children, when asked the question, reply, ''Cause teacher said we must,' or 'I guess it is to pay the teacher,' or 'It is to buy our papers. Teachers should explain again and again the true spirit of giving. Impress upon the child's mind and heart that God wishes us to love and help those who have little or no food and clothing, those who have no churches, schools, books, nor papers, and who have never heard of the Saviour's love. Teach him that Jesus said we must go into all the world and tell all people about him. Explain the work of missionaries and why it takes so much money to send them far away to teach others. Every Sunday in connection with the act of giving there should be some simple exercise, consisting of Bible verses, song, and prayer, that will bring out the spirit of giving.—Israel Black.

Your Teacher.

Please show the 'Northern Messenger' to your teacher. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.



The Drunkard.

(By B. Magennis, in the 'Alliance News.')

Who loafs about from bar to bar,
His face begrined with many a scar,
Whose garments torn and tattered are?
The drunkard.

Who staggers home quite late at night,
And puts his children in a fright,
Is so grieved to see the sight?
The drunkard.

Who spends his money night and day
On drugs that steal his brains away,
And makes him like a donkey bray?
The drunkard.

Who lets in rags his children go,
Around the streets a sorry show,
Their faces pale with want and woe?
The drunkard.

Who acts the pothouse hero still
And swears and curses with a will,
While calling for his pint or gill?
The drunkard.

Who scolds and kicks his hapless wife,
And miserable makes her life,
And home a scene of endless strife?
The drunkard.

Who robs his family of their bread,
And others gives to instead
(The publicans who well are fed)?
The drunkard.

Who seems to love to see them shine,
In broadcloth, silks, and satins fine,
While ragged still his own may pine?
The drunkard.

Who quaffs away the damning bowl,
Till steeped in sin his guilty soul,
Yet never reaches pleasure's goal?
The drunkard.

Who makes himself a wretched sot,
And God's bright image still doth blot,
From out that soul to save he's got?
The drunkard.

Who's blinded by the demon drink,
And seldom can be got to think,
Or else he'd from the tempter shrink?
The drunkard.

Who still from drink's vile chains may rise,
Where low, debased, and scorned he lies,
To God if he but lift his eyes?
The drunkard.

Then take the pledge where'er you can,
Keep it, and then you'll be a man,
It is the surest, safest plan,
You drunkards.

What to Drink in Cold Weather.

Cold acts as a depressant on the human body, and injures in other ways the general health. Well-fed people, who are able to take exercise, look upon dry, frosty weather as highly exhilarating—as to them, no doubt, it is. Their circulations react admirably to the primary effect of cold, and they experience a sense of well-being and buoyancy which they do not feel at any other season. It is very different, however, with the underfed and underclad, and even with the adequately nourished and fully clothed who are debarred from taking active, muscular exercise. In the case of those who do not have enough food, or who have plenty of food of the wrong kind, exercise cannot warm them, because the tissues have no fuel to burn, and the fire of life only flickers instead of burning with a steady glow. On the other hand, those who partake readily of their three, or even four, substantial meals per day, may suffer much from cold because lack of exercise prevents the due burning up of their ample supplies of food-fuel.

To be able to resist the liability to disease which this season brings in its train, the temperature of the body must be maintained at its normal level. Persons whose occupation is of a sedentary nature must not only be warm, they must feel warm, if they are to do satisfactory work. A normal temperature of the body does not necessarily imply equal warmth in all its various component parts. A man whose feet and hands are icy cold, and whose skin is in a perpetual shiver, derives no satisfaction from a knowledge of the fact that in all probability the red corpuscles of his blood are enjoying a snug temperature of 102 degrees, or thereabouts. An indoor occupation that debars one from using the muscles is sufficiently trying to those whose circulations are sluggish, and to whose cold hands, feet, and skin surface generally, the indolent and comfortable corpuscles are driven only with the utmost difficulty. It is not to be compared, however, with those outdoor employments such as driving, motoring, cycling, serving in open shops like bookstalls, refreshment stalls, doing 'point' duty, as in the case of policemen, and so forth.

It is not surprising that persons who are habitually engaged in out-of-door work of the nature just described should develop a craving for something hot. The comforting effect of a hot drink is immediately perceptible. An agreeable sensation of warmth is rapidly diffused throughout the body, the skin breaks into a glow, while the hands and feet lose to some extent their apparently leaden characteristics. The mere act of sipping and swallowing the fluid stimulates the heart and circulation, whilst the heat of the beverage is imparted to all those tissues with which it comes into contact in its passage from the gullet to its ultimate destination in the blood. This immediate result, the production of a feeling of bodily comfort and mental content, is the same, whatever the nature of the hot drink imbibed—whether it be soup, milk, brandy, whiskey, gin, tea, coffee, or cocoa.

The subsequent results of taking a hot drink in the circumstances alluded to will depend, however, entirely on the nature, substance, and quality of the beverage selected. Alcoholic drinks produce a sensation of warmth which is of only short duration, and soon passes off, to be succeeded by a more pronounced feeling of cold on the part of the drinker. This is not to be wondered at when it is borne in mind that alcohol is employed medicinally (if it ever is so employed nowadays), as a refrigerant, and has the effect of reducing the temperature of the body. It does this by causing dilatation of the blood-vessels in the skin (thus accounting for the sensation of warmth), with the result that the blood rapidly parts with its heat to the cold air, and the general temperature comes down with a run. Moreover, after the undue dilatation of the blood-vessels under consideration, there is a corresponding reaction, the vessels become abnormally contracted, and the victim of misplaced confidence in alcohol becomes colder than ever. The teachings of science and the experience of common sense coincide on this point, if no other.

Travellers in the Arctic regions, who are 'ex officio' experts in the matter of food and drink in low temperatures, have demonstrated over and over again that alcoholic liquors, in any shape, are not only completely useless, but positively injurious. They stimulate for a time, but exhaustion occurs more rapidly, and the cold becomes more difficult to bear when they are used. The Arctic Expedition under Sir George Nares was not so successful as everyone wished; and the committee which inquired into the causes of its failure found, on the evidence of the officers and men who took part in it, that the taking of alcoholic stimulants to keep out the cold is a fallacy, and that nothing is more useful for the purpose than a good fatty diet, with hot tea or coffee, and not spirits, as a drink. The monks of St. Bernard find that death from cold is hastened by alcoholic drinks; and this was also the experience of the leaders of Napoleon's campaign into Russia.

Alcohol should never be taken by repeat that alcohol should never be taken by those who are out in the open air, or about to go out of doors, at this time of year.

In such circumstances, non-alcoholic beverages like tea, coffee, and particularly cocoa or soup, are by far the safest and most satisfactory—the two latter in particular, because they possess an additional value as food. The warmth resulting from the consumption of beverages like those is more permanent than that from alcohol, and is not followed by a depressing reaction. The commonest fate of those who habitually seek to keep out the cold with alcohol is to fall victims to pneumonia, or inflammation of the lungs.—'Temperance Leader.'

God Bless Our Cause.

Tune, 'National Anthem.'

God bless our sacred cause!
We plead for righteous laws,
Our homes to shield.
Our land has suffered long
From an accursed wrong,
Whose roots are deep and strong
Nor do they yield.

Now let the people come,
And vote for God and home
And temperance laws!
We'll be no more deceived;
Our land must be retrieved,
And from this curse relieved!
God bless our cause.

—Selected.

'My Guests Touch No Wine.'

'The most effectual temperance lecture I ever heard in my life was preached to me on New Year's Day,' said a young man, recently, in our hearing.

'Why, Horace, where were you? And who delivered it?' was asked.

'I was visiting in Philadelphia, and with my cousin, John Levins, set out to pay a number of New Year calls. It is not the custom now, as formerly, to set out wine before guests, but it is still done sometimes. Our second call was at the princely home of Franklin Graves, of whom you have heard. His lovely daughter greeted us, smiling and beautiful, a very queen among women. There was also an elegant assortment of choice wines which the father pressed upon the guests. "Did you come to see papa or me?" was always the question asked of each guest, and, so far as I know, there was but one answer, "We came to see you." "My guests touch no wine," she said. "I have other refreshments provided for them." The wine glasses stood untouched, the fair young girl flitted to and fro among her guests, ministering herself to their needs. The father gracefully acquiesced, and finally had the wine glasses removed.

'Did you ever witness anything so effectual as that?' said Cousin John, as we started up the street together.

'Never,' I answered, 'No temperance lecture ever touched me like that quiet speech, "My guests touch no wine." God helping me, it is the last time the glass shall ever touch my lips.

'I have since learned that more than one young man began reformation on New Year's day, the result of that very call.

'"My guests touch no wine." They were simple words, quietly spoken, but what did they not imply?'

This Christian girl performed a service as faithfully as though the kingdom of God depended upon her fidelity. Perhaps it does!—Selected.

A man who was told by his physician that he could be cured of a serious disease if he would give up smoking, looked long at his cigar and slowly replied: 'Doctor, I believe I could give up drinking if I really set myself to do it, but I can't give up this,' and he pointed to his cigar. 'Very well,' said his physician, 'get another doctor and die.' The man did both.

Correspondence

M., Ont.

„Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I have a half a mile to go to school and Sunday School. I am nine years old. There were a missionary and his wife here for a year, and his wife taught five other girls and myself to sing a hymn in Japanese. I have a dog and a little kitten.

JENNIE CLARE FRANCIS.

M.R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we enjoy it very much. My papa and mamma were both brought up on the 'Witness,' and think they could not keep house without it. My grandpa Bagg was a subscriber for the 'Witness' from the time it

When Christmas rejoicing is looming in sight;
And mother is working away all her might
To help dear old Santa, and guide him aright,
With so many wee ones to see in one night.

—E. Marguerite Layton.

H. S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have not far to go to school, only about five minutes walk. I like school very much and intend to be a teacher. In Sunday School we have a lovely teacher. There are four in my class, all of the same age as myself. My day school teacher is a man. He used to come to this school when he was going to school.

BESSIE BURRELL.

[No answers enclosed with your riddles, Bessie.—Ed.]

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The village near my home is

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Boat.' Lela S. Acom, M.V., P.E.I.
2. 'The Happy New Year People.' Fred Cowans, O.S., Ont.
3. 'The Little Shepherd Lad.' Ruth Henry, S., Ont.
4. 'Barn.' Annie E. McMurdo, K.G., P.E.I.
5. 'House.' Dora Cook, W., Ont.
6. 'The Fisherman.' Florence Reilly, A., P. Que.
7. 'Boat.' Adolph Stilson (age 10), L., Ont.

---

was first published, and my grandpa Roys took the 'Witness' as long as my papa can remember, and now my papa takes it. I have only one brother, and his name is Willie.

JEAN ROYS.

[Tell baby sister Isabel that her drawing was very good and will find a place among the pictures soon.—Ed.]

WHO HELPS ST. NICHOLAS?

The air is frosty, clear and bright,
Bells a' jingle with all their might.
Oh! this is the time of joy and mirth,—
The time when all should be glad on earth.
Little folk round on tip-toe creep,
And, though they are good, they'd love to peep
At what's going on in mother's room,—
There, visions of Christmas sweetly loom.
They know that she helps dear old Santa along,
That likely without her he'd do something wrong
And possibly give some wee girlie a drum,
Upon which, in playing, she might crack her thumb.
And give to her brother the wonderful doll,
For which she's been longing since, oh, just so tall,
While brother, through wanting that same drum so much,
Won't look at the dollie, much less even touch.
So, you see, little children it never would do
For us not to be good, as we all know how to,

quite small. Four places I would like to visit are Winnipeg, Kenora, Port Arthur, and Pembroke. I have some stock; a cow, a pony, and a calf. The other day father was loading lambs and our old horse got frightened when the train came in and nearly ran away.

JEAN McEWEN.

Hopetown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going up for entrance next year, and so am quite busy with my school studies. Our teacher is a good teacher, and most of her scholars like her. We have not a mile to go to school, and it is a pleasant walk in the nice mornings. My chum's name is A. Craig S. I have four sisters and five brothers, and there is not one dead. There is only one brother and one sister at home. Three places I would like to visit are: Nelson, in B.C.; Halifax, N.S., and St. John, N.B. We have a very large school. I am 14 years old.

ROSE BEAUTY.

G., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old and am in the senior fourth class, but expect to soon try for the fifth class. How many of the girls and boys have flags at their schools? We have one at ours which we secured by getting subscribers for the 'Messenger' and 'Daily and Weekly Witness.' We have an Indian pony, of which we are all very fond, and we would not part with him for a great deal. He is almost a strawberry color, and his name is Minto. I will tell you a little incident showing how faithful he is:—One evening my sister and I were visiting, and on our return home it became rather dark, and as we were tired we fell asleep. As we suppose he kept jogging on until, we felt a sudden jerk, and on looking around we discovered we were home and the rest who were at home wondering where we had been. I see you published a letter last week from a boy in Japan. I have an uncle in Japan, the Rev. Hilton Pedley, he is now home on furlough for some time.

An interested reader,

HAZEL S.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl thirteen years old and I am in the fourth book. We have a new teacher. She started at the end of our vacation, that's about three months ago. I have one sister and no brothers, but I wish I had. However, I am very proud of my little sister. She is six years old and she has beautiful hair. It is past her waist. I will end with a few puzzles: Why isn't your nose as long as twelve inches? 2. Why do salvationists walk on their heels?

ELLA HACKETT.

, I., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We had a camp meeting about five or six miles from our place, and there were many people brought to Jesus. We had a very large crowd there on the last Sunday night. My brother William and I are still riding to school on old Nig that I told you about in the other letter I wrote you. Oh, Nig can buck like anything! We have a little pup, a comical little fellow. When we sometimes lead a horse he grabs part of the rope and trys to lead it too.

E. S. SCHAFER.

O., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I think the story of the 'Red, Red Wine' was very nice. I also like the correspondence page. Some of the letters are very interesting and the drawings very good. I go to school all the time and am in the fourth book. We do not have a very large school. I have four brothers and two sisters; five of us go to school. My papa is away from home now and it is rather lonesome. I would like to send a drawing, but I think that what I would draw would look so bad that the 'Messenger' boys and girls would have to laugh at it, so I guess I will not try this time.

ENA NETTIE THORNE.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the small village of Winterbourne, which was named by my great-great uncle. It was the name of the place in which he lived near Bristol, England. The village consists of two churches, a hall, two general stores, one hotel, a blacksmith shop, a chopping and saw-mill combined, a public school, the Manse, which used to belong to my great-great uncle, and about two dozen residences.

I tried my entrance examination this year, but, unfortunately, failed in arithmetic. I have quite a little library of my own; my favorite books are 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Lady of the Lake,' and Elizabeth Wetherell's works.

F. B. M.

H. W. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old and live on a farm. We have a large stock this winter. We also have a nice lot of hens and geese. I have a brother and sister both younger than myself. I go to school every day, and we have fine fun at playtime. We live near the Newville mills, and papa worked for the company last winter. There is a lot of skating there, because the lake is quite near.

JESSE C. FULLERTON.

BOYS WANTED ALL OVER CANADA to sell the 'Canadian Pictorial'—Splendid premiums, watches, cameras, knives, etc., etc., etc. Send a postcard to-day for a package to start on, and full list of premiums, etc. We trust you. You pay when sold, and get your premium.

Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P. S.—Read larger advertisement of 'Pictorial' on another page, also contents of the splendid New Year's number, and then send your order at once.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'The Clock Tower.'

Over the clock-tower grim and high,
Looking down on the city gray,
Holy hands of an age gone by
Carved the lettering day by day.
Over the clock men trace it still—
'All goeth but Goddes Wille.'

All goeth. The eyes that wept,
Looking up to the tower-clock gray,
Many a year in peace have slept
Under the churchyard sealed away.
Hearts that quivered with joy are still.
'All goeth but Goddes Wille.'

All goeth. The carven stone
Yet shall moulder and pass away;
Tower and citadel overthrown
Drop to dust in the ages gray—
Grass-grown dust on a sunny hill.
'All goeth but Goddes Wille.'

Even so, for His will is heaven;
Hid in His heart, we shall not die.
Time shall end and the world be riven,
Planets drop from a darkened sky,
Stars burn out, and suns grow chill.
'All goeth but Goddes Wille!'

—Mabel Earle.

On High Rock.

(By Emma C. Dowd, in the 'S. S. Visitor.')

'What are you going to do this morning, Minella?'

'Oh, how you startled me!' the girl cried, looking up from her book. 'I'm going to finish Mrs. Wiggs for one thing. Why?'

'I wish you'd make some of those crullers, like those we had the other day. We boys are going up on High Rock this afternoon, and I want a jolly lunch. We start at half-past one sharp. Fisher can't get away before. Say, will you?'

'Maybe. But why can't we girls go, too? It's a lovely day for a picnic!'

'Oh, that's your game, is it?' and Shepard Pickering's face clouded. 'No, we don't want any girls along. It's a hard climb up High Rock, I can tell you!'

'Nonsense! As if girls couldn't climb! I've never been up there either, and I've always wanted to. Oh, Shep, don't be so stingy with your good times! I'll ask Faith and Grace and Lucy and—perhaps Sara Dubois. Say you'll be delighted to have us go—there's a good boy!' Minella laughed up at her brother coaxingly.

But his brow was darker than before.

'No, you can't go,' he said shortly. 'We don't want a lot of girls tagging on. We couldn't have any fun at all.'

'But you'd like a girl's crullers, if you don't want the girl herself,' she teased.

'Oh, I suppose you'll not make them now!' returned Shepard. 'Well, you needn't. We can get along without. He walked off down the piazza.

'I didn't say I wouldn't,' Minella called after him.

Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch people had lost their charm; Minella shut the book, and gazed dreamily up the road.

'I've a good mind to,' she thought. 'It would serve him right.' Then she went into the house, and consulted her mother.

'No,' Mrs. Pickering said, 'he hasn't been after the key to the house; he spoke of it, but thought they shouldn't need to go indoors. It is so pleasant there will probably be no shower.'

'Then I'll do it!' Minella said, with an emphatic gesture. 'I'm glad you are willing—some mothers wouldn't be. You are such a dear!' and the girl pressed her lips to her mother's rosy cheek.

'I don't see any possible harm in it,' Mrs. Pickering replied; 'but remember not to carry your fun too far. Let there be no unpleasantness; meet the boys more than halfway.'

'Yes'm, I will,' Minella promised. 'Now I'll run over and ask Faith, and she'll have to telephone to Lucy and the others for I must be at the crullers. They shall be made anyway.'

It was eleven o'clock when Minella Pickering stole out of the front door with a basket in her hand. Her brother was in his room, which did not overlook the street; but she was a little afraid of being seen by Shepard's neighbor and closest comrade, Alexander Marshman. So she did not call for Faith, Alexander's sister. She walked straight by the house, and Faith was to follow her as soon as practicable, the girls having agreed to meet at Lucy Aikin's, four streets away.

High Rock, though a small mountain, was the highest in the vicinity, and was the private property of Mr. Greenwood, who had built a small cottage on top of the peak, and was always ready to give the key into the possession of any responsible person that might ask for it. As this house was the sole place of shelter within a radius of several miles, it was in demand during pleasant weather for picnic parties from the surrounding country.

Minella and her friends found Mr. Greenwood and the key at home, greatly to their delight, and in high spirits they set off in the direction of the mountain. The road up High Rock was steep, as Shepard Pickering had said; but the girls were strong and sure-footed, and they reached the summit none the worse for their climb. The programme that the young plotters had made out called for their being at the lunch table when the boys arrived, the windows of the little house wide open, but the door locked.

'Won't they be surprised!' laughed Grace Potter, whose brother Norris was of the other party.

'If they get no inkling of our whereabouts, returned Faith. 'I can hardly wait to see how Alex will look.'

'We must be laughing and talking, so that they will hear us as soon as they come near,' said Minella. 'It is almost time. Hadn't some of us better keep watch? We mustn't be taken unawares.'

'There's somebody now!' exclaimed Lucy Aikin, under her breath, as a head appeared among the bushes at some little distance down the path.

'It's Shepard!' whispered Minella. 'Back to the table! Quick, girls!'

Out of sight of the boys, the merry party made pretense of finishing their feast; but nobody ate much, for all were intent on the windows, eager for a first glimpse of those astonished faces. Jerky talk and gurgles of laughter floated out now and then.

'Not quite so loud!' cautioned Minella. 'We don't want them to recognize our voices, or they will put one and two together and will not come near.'

'I'm going over there to get a peep,' whispered Faith, dropping to the floor, and creeping softly along toward the window.

But at that instant Norris Potter's face came in range of the table, and his look of blank amazement raised a shout from the girl.

'What's up?'

It was Shepard Pickering who spoke. The next instant six boys were surveying the room in undisguised astonishment.

'Well, you have done it this time!' was Shepard's comment, as he turned upon his heel.

'Why don't you ask us in to luncheon?' came from Henry DeKay.

This was the chance Minella had been waiting for, and she improved it.

'Oh,' she answered, with a good-natured smile that belied her words, 'we are nearly through, and besides we don't want a lot of boys tagging on!'

'Oh, all right!' returned Henry, his face flushing.

'That remark was meant for me, not for you, Hen!' Shepard called back. 'Come on, boys! We don't want any of that spread!'

It hadn't been quite so funny, after all, as Minella and the others had fancied it would be. There was a slight feeling of disappointment, as they watched the boys walk leisurely away without even one backward glance.

'I'm afraid they won't come round by the time we really want them to,' ventured Sara Dubois. 'Your brother, Minella, looked as if he were mad.'

'He'll get over it,' Minella answered. 'He never stays mad two minutes! See, they're going to eating right away! Mark! Mark my word, they'll be hungry enough to be ready for our five-o'clock tea—see if they're not!'

The girls and the boys kept in separate groups all the afternoon, though sometimes they were not far apart. Once Minella caught her brother looking her way, but he instantly became engrossed in some object in the opposite direction.

At half-past four the girls disappeared inside the house, to prepare their peace offering, as Faith called it. In a few minutes the spread was ready,—sandwiches, small iced cakes, tarts, fruit, nuts, and bonbons. They had trimmed the table with ferns and wild flowers, and they surveyed their work with happy faces and many expressions of satisfaction. Then Minella went out to invite the party in. In dismay the girls saw her returning alone. They knew that her overtures of peace had failed.

'Shepard won't come, and he won't let the rest come!' she explained, her eyes brimming with tears.

'Pshaw! I'm not going to let him spoil all the fun in this way! and Grace Potter started for the door. 'I'll see what I can do.

But she, too, returned discomfited.

'They say they're not hungry; but they are bound not to give in, that's all! Well,' and she pursed her lips, as if for a whistle.

'What are you going to do about it?' Sara Dubois asked.

As if in answer to the question, came a muttering of thunder. Simultaneously the girls made a rush for the western windows. Heavy masses of dark clouds were well overhead, though as yet the sun was only slightly veiled.

'It's going to rain, that's sure!' said Minella. 'Now those boys will have to come in, or they'll get wet.'

With the words came the first big drops, and in a minute it was pouring. The thunder came in louder peals.

'They're all under that big oak tree!' called Grace, from the next room. 'Oh, I wish they wouldn't stay there! It's the most dangerous place they could find! Why, Minella Pickering, you'll get wet through!' for Minella had come up behind her, and seeing the boys' position had rushed out of the door into the now furious storm.

Her brother saw her coming, and darted toward her.

'What's the matter?' he cried.

'Oh, do come in!' she pleaded, her voice broken with tears. 'You'll be killed out there!'

'Come on, boys!' he shouted, and they reached shelter just as a blaze of lightning and a terrific crash of thunder made them hold their breath in consternation.

'That was fearful!' gasped Grace, moving closer to her brother, as if surer protection were there.

Minella clung to Shepard, half-sobbing with fright. He bent down in the darkness. 'Don't cry!' he said. 'It will soon be over. It was mean not to come sooner!'

She understood, and hugged his arm.

It was already growing lighter, and the thunder rolled up from the east only in low, grumbling peals.

'There's a yellow streak in the west!' announced Lucy. 'Come, let's have tea! I, for one, am half-starved!'

And a merry tea it was, while the dripping world was hung with diamonds. But better than all was the quiet walk down the mountain in the full gay of the sunset. The storms were past, and the young hearts and nature rejoiced together.

Baby-minded.

'Don't ask to be everlastingly amused; it is the sign of a baby mind when a young man cares for nothing but fun and frolic.'

If this be so, there must be a large number of 'baby minds' in our churches. Why else this asking by young and old people in the church to be 'everlastingly amused?' 'Where were you last Sunday?' 'Oh, our sermons are so uninteresting I went elsewhere.' 'Where were you last prayer-meeting night?' 'Oh, our meetings are so dull that I went where they have more life.' What is this but a demand for spiritual amusement? The

preacher, the official brethren, and the other members must get up something to keep you amused or you will absent yourself. Your 'baby mind' cannot content itself in its own church unless it is 'everlastingly amused.'

Why don't you provide some religious amusement for your pastor, your official brethren, and the other members? Start a hymn, tell your experience, lead in prayer, do all you can to make things lively and happy and attractive in your own church, and then neither you nor anybody else will feel like absenting yourselves. Perhaps if you provide a little 'religious amusement' yourself, you will not need to depend so much on others for it. Let each contribute his part toward happiness in the church.—Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Horse Intelligence.

The following letter from D. L. Mitchel, editor of the Biloxi (Mississippi) 'Herald,' will be read with interest:

Biloxi, Mississippi,
August 17, 1907.

Mr. Geo. T. Angell,
President of the Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Dear Sir,—Have just enjoyed an examination of your interesting paper. In reading the article 'Mare Saved Her Colt,' was reminded of this incident which occurred near this city. Mr. Riggs, a farmer who resided on the shore of Biloxi Bay, owns two mares which are half sisters. They are beauties, and gentle and affectionate to each other. Some time ago they were out on the shore grazing near a favorite bathing place, where both horses were accustomed to swim and bathe. The spot was some one hundred and fifty yards from the residence of Mr. Riggs and was hidden by an undergrowth of small trees. The owner's attention was suddenly arrested by one of his horses rushing up to the fence and snorting and neighing frantically. She did this several times after trotting rapidly back towards the bay. His curiosity led him at last to follow her and soon he discovered that the blind sister had gotten beyond her depth and could not find her way out. The good-eyed sister ran up and down the shore trying to attract notice to her sister and was not quieted until friends had lassoed and led out the blind mare to safety. A human being could not have acted more intelligently than did this loving sister.

Another instance of horse sagacity recurs to me. I was riding through the country in which was a deep creek crossed by a bridge some three hundred yards long. In ordinary storms the water did not overflow the creek, but after crossing this bridge a violent and protracted rain flooded the country and on returning I attempted to cross the bridge, but my little Mexican pony planted his fore feet solidly against the first plank and no amount of spurring or whipping altered his determination not to try to cross that bridge. I dismounted and waded up the bridge for some distance and thought it was all right, but Reube still refused to be even led across. So remounting him, I rode up the creek to where a ferryman lived, telling him about Reube's opposition to crossing the bridge. He said: 'Well, you ought to thank God for giving you a horse that has more sense than you have, for as I drove across that bridge yesterday, nearly the whole of it was afloat and some of the centre planks had floated off. If your horse had undertaken that job you would both have been drowned.'

The main part of the bridge was invisible from either end. Now what was it but a superior conception of danger that I did not possess controlled Reube and saved both our lives?

Your Sunday School Superintendent.

Please show the 'Northern Messenger' to your Sunday School Superintendent. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.

The Little Teacher.

(By Susan Hubbard Martin, in the 'Young People's Weekly.')

Celeste Ruthven stood looking out of the window. It was a beautiful morning in early autumn. A haze hung over the purple hills; the leaves, painted in glorious tints of red and yellow, were still upon the trees. But there was no joy on the young face looking out—only a great listlessness. She was wondering what she would do with her day. There was a trip to the dressmaker's, and some social calls and a reception for the afternoon, but that belonged to the ordinary routine of the day. How tired she was of that! She wished that there was something new under the sun.

Just at that moment, a bright-faced girl in a modest suit of brown and a plain hat came up the walk. Celeste saw her through the filmy curtains.

'She doesn't look like an agent,' she thought, as the electric bell sounded. 'What a singularly sweet face!'

Celeste Ruthven herself was a beautiful girl of twenty-three, but there was a discontented expression on her face—and yet, what made her so? Rich, petted, an heiress in her own right, why was she not happy? No one could answer that question. She lived alone with her father in the handsome house on the avenue, for there were only these two.

Molly, the maid, had gone to the door. Celeste, involuntarily, was listening.

'A room?' queried the maid surprisedly. 'A furnished room you want?'

The girl's face had flushed a little, and in the meantime Celeste, herself, had gone into the hall. A frank pair of eyes, set in a sweet, girlish face, looked at her.

'I was told to come here,' she went on a trifle unsteadily. 'I have the school at Norman Heights, and I'm from Ridgeway Center. I know absolutely no one in the city.'

'Let me see the number,' asked Celeste.

The girl handed her a card.

'1250 Acoma,' she read; 'but this,' she added with a smile, 'is 1250 Corona. You have mistaken the street, that is all.'

The girl's face flushed more than ever.

A glimpse of the slender figure before her, and the interior of the grand hall, was indeed enough. What must the beautiful young woman before her think of her presumption?

'I beg your pardon,' she said gently. 'I'm so very sorry.'

'You needn't be; it was a very natural mistake.'

The girl's face lighted up with a look of relief at the kind words. She smiled, and Celeste felt the warmth of it. Somehow she wanted to see her smile again.

'How good you are to excuse me!' said the girl. 'But I must not detain you longer. Good morning.'

'Do not go,' said Celeste impulsively. 'You want a room. Well, I have one.'

The maid stood by aghast, but Celeste motioned her away.

'Come upstairs. I'll show it to you myself.'

The little school teacher obeyed. What had happened?

Up the carved open staircase they went, through another beautiful hall, past lovely bedrooms, and then Celeste threw open a door.

The little girl from Ridgeway Centre stood transfixed. It was the sweetest room she had ever seen. All green and white—a carpet like sea moss, soft and velvety, dainty curtains, tinted walls, fine pictures, a brass bed draped in snowy white, easy-chairs, a writing desk, books, everything that a girl's heart could wish for.

The little teacher's face flushed again.

'How beautiful!' she cried softly, 'far too beautiful for me. I—I am poor, you know. I could not afford a room like this, but I thank you all the same.'

'But you like it?' asked Celeste.

'Like it? It is a dream.'

'Then it is yours, for as long as you want it, and you need pay me only what you were going to pay for the other. Perhaps you may think it strange, but I—I am lonely, and you will confer a favor on me by accepting it.'

'Oh,' said the little teacher wonderingly—and then she smiled again. 'It seems to me you ought to be so happy with such a home. I—I never saw anything like it. I am the oldest of five. Father is a country doctor, and I felt as if I wanted to help. My name is Mary Bailey. I have a letter here from my minister. Will you read it?'

'Some time,' Celeste replied. 'And my name is Celeste Ruthven. Well, it is settled, then. You will come?'

'Come? Oh, yes. And thank you a thousand times. Perhaps you don't realize what you are doing for me; but I will not forget.'

When the great door closed after her, Aunt Lois, the housekeeper, bustled in Aunt Lois was black. She had lived in the family ever since Celeste was a baby.

'What's this I hear about you rentin' a room, Miss Celeste?' she demanded. 'Never heerd of such doin's since I was born—quality folks, too.'

Celeste smiled.

'No, Aunt Lois,' she replied, 'don't be angry. It's just one of my notions. I have an idea this girl can help me.'

Aunt Lois stared.

'What help does you need, honey?'

For answer, Celeste bowed her head upon the broad shoulder of her old mammy.

'I'm so miserable, Aunt Lois!' she said brokenly. And then Aunt Lois went away with tears in her own eyes.

The new little school teacher came, but, contrary to Aunt Lois' expectations, she made no trouble. She kept the beautiful room in as neat order as the most exacting housekeeper would expect. She slipped in and out unobtrusively, with always a cheery nod and a bright smile. Before long, Celeste began to look for her with eager interest. She was something so different from anything she had ever seen—so merry, so independent, so capable. In storm and rain and sun, she still kept her bright, cheerful face. Celeste met her one day on the stairs, after a long spell of bad weather.

'How do you manage it?' she demanded.

'Manage what?' asked the little teacher.

'Why, keeping so cheerful in this dreadful weather.'

The little school teacher looked at her, at her pale listlessness. 'I wish you would walk with me every day in it,' she cried. 'It would do you good. Why, I see the most interesting things on my trip back and forth—all sorts of people. My pupils gave me a fruit shower yesterday. You never saw so many apples, bananas, and oranges. I am going to distribute it to-day among my poor people.'

'Poor people?' said Celeste. 'Where did you find them?'

CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

Nearly 2,000 square inches of beautiful pictures are crowded into the January issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial'—everyone of them of interest to Canadians. The cover in a deep blue is a fine reproduction of an oil painting showing 'New Year's Morning' dawning over a lonely Canadian farm house. Canadian winter scenes are well represented, such as chopping in the Ontario bush, splitting the home firewood, the first snow along the rivulet, sunlight in the snow-clad woods. The recent opening of the Canadian Parliament supplies some capital pictures—the entrance of the Governor-General, and a page of charming debutantes at the drawing-room. Another couple of pages show the adventures of the men, truly 'soldiers of the camera,' who brave unknown perils to secure news pictures. The centenary of Joseph Brant, the great chief of the Six Nations, is also represented in this delightful number. Eight sovereigns in one group, taken at the recent unique gathering at Windsor Castle, as well as the picture of twenty-five Royal personages, including the King and Queen and their guests, will be of special interest. This issue contains also some particularly fine animal pictures, including a magnificent leopard shot by a missionary in the forest of West Africa, and photographed by his wife.

The Women's Department contains a splendid picture of Lady Evelyn Grey; articles on 'Queen Victoria's Letters,' 'Household Management,' 'The Toilet,' and 'The Baby.'

The news of the month in picture and comments, wit and humor, etc., etc., makes up a very full and interesting issue, a pleasure for one's own table, and just the thing to send as a New Year's greeting to friends at a distance. No nicer New Year's card than this.

Only ten cents a copy. One dollar a year. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Co., 143 St. Peter street, Montreal.

Place your order NOW, or it may be too late.

'Everywhere.'

'Let me help, then. After school we'll take the carriage and go wherever you say.'

'You will!' cried the little teacher beamingly. 'How kind!'

They grew closer friends after that, and then Celeste began to walk with Mary to school. The day was all the brighter for that walk, and before long Mary got her interested in her Sunday School, and then, little by little, Celeste's old, useless life fell away. The little teacher put into it strength, activity, hope and work, and then Celeste began to see life as it really is when the love of Christ rules the heart—something beautiful and sacred to be used for him.

Her father put his arms about her one morning. 'I'm so happy over my new girl,' he said fondly. 'Somehow in this independent, rosy-cheeked young woman, I fail to realize my discontented, listless Celeste.'

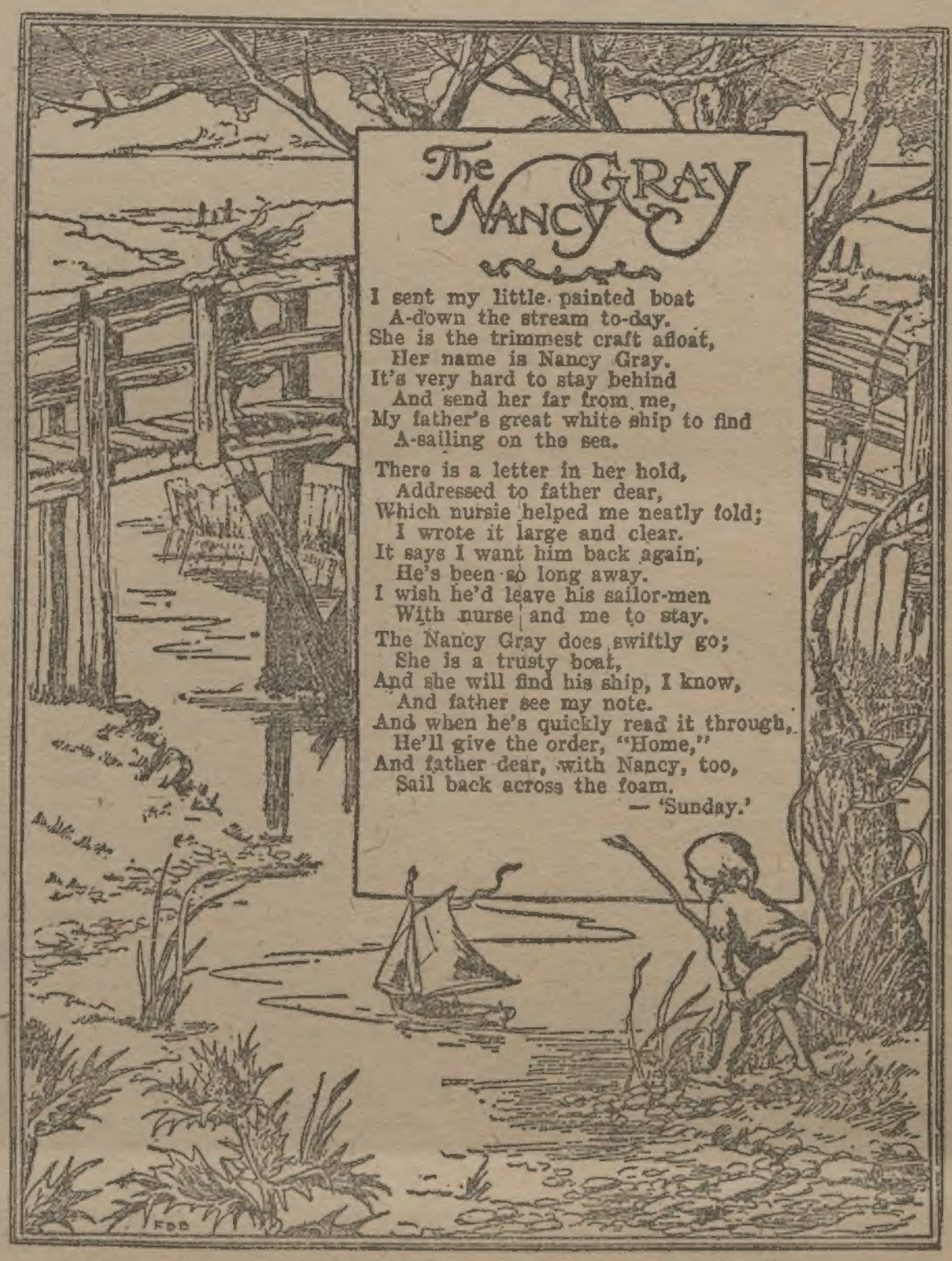
'But you are glad, father?'

'Glad! Have I not told you how happy it makes me? Some lives go to shipwreck for lack of anchor. I was afraid for you, my dearest.'

Celeste kissed him. 'But through Mary Bailey, father, I have found the anchor. You know what I mean—a new heart.'

Her father's face grew tender. 'Yes, I know what you mean. Praise the Lord for it! And the little teacher, you say, led you to it? We'll thank her always, won't we?'

'Always,' replied Celeste, with a full heart. 'My more than sister, blessed Mary Bailey.'


The Nancy Gray
I sent my little painted boat
A-down the stream to-day.
She is the trimmest craft afloat,
Her name is Nancy Gray.
It's very hard to stay behind
And send her far from me,
My father's great white ship to find
A-sailing on the sea.
There is a letter in her hold,
Addressed to father dear,
Which nursie helped me neatly fold;
I wrote it large and clear.
It says I want him back again,
He's been so long away.
I wish he'd leave his sailor-men
With nurse and me to stay.
The Nancy Gray does swiftly go;
She is a trusty boat,
And she will find his ship, I know,
And father see my note.
And when he's quickly read it through,
He'll give the order, "Home,"
And father dear, with Nancy, too,
Sail back across the foam.
— 'Sunday.'

Nothing Much.

(By Sallie Campbell, in the 'Friend for Boys Girls.')

Turner Brown had not gone to school three daysbefore he asked about the boy who ildays before he asked about the boy who alcorner.

'What is the matter with him?' asked Turner.

'Some disease,' said Joe Allen. 'He never goes out, except to drive in a carriage for the air.'

'What's his name?'

Joe did not know. None of them knew.

Turner lagged a little behind the others.

'What are you waiting for?' said Joe.

'I—I just thought,' explained Turner bashfully, 'that I'd say, "Hello!" to him,—to the boy, you know. I should think he'd be tired sitting there.'

'Oh!' said Joe. He faced about and stopped. Tom followed his example, and Robert followed Tom's, and Herbert followed Robert's.

They watched while Turner shouted, 'Hello!' and pulled his hand out of his pocket and waved it at the window of the corner house.

They saw the thin face looking out at them grow intent, and then break into a smile, and then they saw a hand waving, and they thought they heard a voice, but they were not sure.

Nobody followed anybody's example now. But, in a second, Joe's, Tom's, Robert's, and Herbert's hands were out of their pockets, and they were waving at the corner house and shouting, 'Hello!' like Indians.

The boy behind the window laughed. A lady came and stood beside him, and she laughed, too. Then the school bell began to ring, and they scampered off.

Of course, after that they always spoke to the sick boy. They hardly ever forgot, no matter how late they were.

'He likes it,' said Joe. 'It isn't much to do.'

'His name,' said Turner one day, 'is Jack Hammond.'

'How do you know?' said Herbert.

'I asked the servant on the street. She told me. I had to find out.'

'Why?'

Turner pursed up his lips as if he meant to whistle, winked one eye and winked the other.

'Valentine's Day is coming,' said he.

'Are you going to send him a valentine?' asked Tom.

'Yes. Let's each.'

You didn't see the one he got last Valentine's Day,' said Joe. 'It was in a big box. The postman had to carry it over his thumb outside the bag. It cost a dollar, I guess. Maybe it cost more than a dollar. Ours are little.'

Turner looked thoughtful, but not for long.

'It isn't what they cost,' he said stoutly; 'it's—er—getting them that matters. That matters a lot. I had a disease once. It was only a short one, but I thought everything of attentions. They occupy your mind a great deal.'

Joe remembered the measles. He never had told any of the boys that he had been obliged to play paper dolls with Susie because he was so dull, and the time went so slowly. Susie did not tell; she was very particular about her promises.

'If you had the measles,' he acknowledged to Turner, 'and it happened to be Valentine's Day, you would like any kind of valentines. If they weren't a bit bigger than postage stamps you would be very glad, indeed, to get them.'

On the fourteenth of February, when the boys went to school, there were five gay little bits of color arranged in a row along Jack Hammond's window sill, and Jack was smiling and nodding about them.

The five boys recognized those bits of color, though they tried hard to look as if they had never seen them before.

'He didn't care for them being little,' said Turner triumphantly. 'He thought they were fine.'

'It was nice choosing them for him,' said Joe. 'We got him the prettiest.'

Two days afterwards Jack was not at the window. His pretty young mother ran down the walk to speak to the boys as they passed.

'Jack is not so well to-day,' she said. 'He wanted me to say, "Good morning," to you for him.'

'Tell him we are sorry,' said Turner.

'Tell him we hope he will soon be better,' said Joe.

'Tell him, "Good-morning," for all of us,' said Herbert.

The next day he was still away.

'This is Friday,' said Turner. 'We have to write a letter in school. Let's write it to Jack.'

They did.

'And it was much easier than just writing a make-up letter,' said Joe. 'There was something to it.'

After school they carried them to Jack's door. They stood considerably in awe of the trim maid who answered their ring, and laid the letters on her silver tray meekly.

'Will you give these to Jack, please?' said Turner.

'Yes, I will!' she said heartily, regarding them with such beaming approval that they departed down the walk in high feather.

'She didn't scorn them at all,' said Joe.

'Jack won't,' said Turner.

A HEARTY RECOMMENDATION.

The best publication that comes to the desk of the editor is 'World Wide.' 'World Wide' is a weekly reprint of the best things in American and British publications. Somehow you feel as you read it you are getting the essence of the best current thought on science, literature, education, human progress, statesmanship and great issues. Almost every article in almost every issue you feel you would like to put away among your treasures.'—'Telegraph,' Welland, Ont.

Please show this item to your minister, teacher, or your doctor. If they do not already know 'World Wide,' they would thank you for this kindly introduction, and could send for a sample to the publishers, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

No, indeed! Not Jack! He had frowned when the bell rang.

'It is somebody for you, mother,' he said. 'I'll be lonely.'

Minnie brought in her tray full of letters. Some of them were rather scrawly. Mrs. Hammond half put out her hand for them.

'They are for Jack,' said smiling Minnie, sliding the tray from under them and leaving them on the counterpane.

'The boys,' she explained briefly.

'Those darling boys!' cried Mrs. Hammond.

Jack pounced on the letters without a word. His frown was quite gone.

February was a cold month this year; and so was March. It was very exciting to try to find surprises for Jack. Turner began it when they were coming home from skating once and he got a deserted bird's nest on a twig.

'It is pretty,' he said. 'It will make a change for him.'

But Turner need not have apologized. The other boys were beginning to trust in his suggestions, and, immediately, they looked about for discoveries of their own. Sometimes, it was a little sprig of berries hidden in a sheltered nook; sometimes, it was an unusually long and thriving branch of running cedar. Then it was just a funny story cut out of the newspaper, or a picture postal-card begged from one of the grown-ups for Jack's album, or a slip of begonia cut from somebody's mother's big plant and put into a pot of its own.

'Turner is the best at finding them,' Joe said. 'But we all are getting pretty good at it. We haven't much money. But Jack doesn't want money. What he wants is to be in with the rest of the boys and not left off in a corner all by himself.'

By which you will see that Joe was learning something this winter besides his lesson books.

The doctors would not let them see Jack before he was taken to the hospital.

By and by, a letter came directed to

"TURNER BROWN,
For Jack's Five Friends.'

It was from Jack's mother.

'My dear, kind boys,' the letter said, 'Jack is going to get well! The doctors feel sure of it, now. They are very great men, and very wise. They are receiving all the fees, and all the glory, and I do not dare tell them that they ought to share it with you five. But they ought. You have been so good to Jack. You have helped him so much. I do not know how he and I could have gotten through the winter without you. Every day, for many days, I have thanked God for your kindness, and asked him to be kind to you. Jack is getting well, dear boys! Thank you, each one.'

There was a short silence when Turner had finished reading the letter.

'She makes a whole lot out of just a little!' said Herbert rather gruffly.

'Yes!' echoed Robert. 'What we did wasn't much. None of it was much.'

'Anybody could do it,' added Tom.

'If they thought of it,' said Joe, looking at Turner. "Thinking of such things is the biggest part of them, I guess. They were pleasant to do. I say,' cried Joe, struck with a sudden idea, 'didn't we get as much out of all of it as Jack did?'

Before any boy could speak, Joe's mother, who had been listening, while she sat mending, answered:

'Give, and it shall be given unto you,' she quoted gently.

A Chinese Hero.

Kotow or I'll kill you!' 'Kotow' is an act of worship in which an inferior kneels and touches the ground with his forehead. The Boxers had caught two Chinese Christian boys, dragged them to the temple, and threatened to kill them if they did not at once worship the idol.

One of the boys, fourteen years old, frightened at their big knives, yielded, took the incense, and waved it before the idol; but as he started to kneel, the other boy, only eleven years old, said to him:

'Aren't you ashamed of yourself?'

'You, too!' blurted a Boxer.

The little fellow straightened himself up and said: 'Not I. 'The foreign pastor taught us better. 'Twould be an insult to the God who made us to worship that clay idol.'

The Boxer, in a rage, made a lunge for the little fellow; but another Boxer shouted: 'Hey! Hold on a minute! That little fellow has sand. What's the matter with this big one? He has no bravery at all. Say, fellows, let's keep this boy to do our coolie work, and let the little fellow go home. What do you say?'

All the little fellow said, when he joined the fugitives fleeing to Teintsin, was, 'I wasn't big enough to do their coolie work, so they let me go.'—'Scissors.'

The Sweet Voice.

Have the girls who are learning to play the piano, the mandolin, the violin, ever thought what a marvellous instrument they have had entrusted to them? No man ever made an instrument so beautiful as the human voice. British folk delight to jeer at the American girl for her 'American voice.' While they admit her virtues, laud her beauty and style, covet her adaptability, they say her voice is high, nasal, sharp, shrill, nervous, rasping, strident—who could tell all the adjectives they have applied to the poor American voice? Listen, the next time you meet a party of American girls, and tell me, do they talk or do they screech? As you open the door when the young folks are having a sociable, what do you hear? A murmur of dulcet voices: Perhaps the 'restlessness of the age' accounts for the voice. 'We are in such a "tearing hurry,"' as the girls say, 'that we cannot stop to enunciate clearly and speak quietly.'

Little children generally have sweet voices. How happens it that they grow to be harsh and rasping? Perhaps by unconscious imitation of the voices they hear. If that is the case, girls have a mission to their little sisters. Little children take long breaths. They use the diaphragm, and do not force the voice through the nose in speaking. How many girls use the whole of their lungs when they breathe? How many only the upper part? Practice taking deep breaths, inflating the lungs, expanding the diaphragm, and the quality of the voice will improve. Another hint. Nostrils were made to breathe through, not to talk through. One who has the habit of breathing through the nostrils, keeping the mouth shut, will have better control of her voice, and fewer colds and sore throats. We all have heard this, but some of us forget it, although each successive winter brings us an experience which ought to impress the lesson indelibly upon our memories.

Elihu Burritt wrote, "There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice.' If we want to have a pleasant voice—and who doesn't?—we must begin at once to keep a sharp watch over our tones. We must say kind things, and say them in a kind voice. If we have attention shown us, say "Thank you,' and say it with a gracious intonation. Did you ever hear a girl jerk out a sharp, quick "Thanks?' Then, again, if something has offended us, we are not to vent our displeasure on everybody we meet by speaking in a snappish, cross voice. We may work off our own mood by distributing the natefulness, but we have no right to do this. A friend told me the other night that the atmosphere of her home had been spoiled for the whole day because the maid had come downstairs in a bad humor. She had worked it off on the two-year-old baby, and he in turn was bad-tempered, and thus the contagion passed through the entire family.

I suppose we have all heard voices that 'rubbed us the wrong way.' It is our duty to give our sweetest to others, and keep the ill-humor and irritation for a certain place at our bedside—the place where we pray to God. Take it all there, and ask God to remove it from us and to give us sweetness and calm instead.

Do you know, I have heard it hinted darkly that there are people who have a company voice and a home voice! Certain families, it is said, have a habit of speaking to one another in loud, scolding tones, so that those who happen to hear them think that there isn't much love among them. Furthermore, it is claimed that when these same people go out, or entertain company at home, they have voices like honey. Two-voiced folk are as surely to be avoided as those who are two-faced.

If girls are bent on having refined voices, they will be cured of the slang habit. Slang comes easily to the mannish girl who swings along with her brother and his chums, and talks in abrupt, forceful tones. If she uses boys' slang, and talks loudly, of course, it makes her seem more like a boy. But why does she want to seem like a boy? She will have more of her brother's love and confidence if she keeps herself a sweet, real girl, than she will as a make-believe boy. Now please don't cite some simpering girl, who poses and gushes and talks in a piping voice and minces her words, and say you don't want to be like her. Bless you, I don't want you to do anything of the kind. I want you to be your own true womanly self. Don't try to 'appear,' try to be, pure and kind, and the fact will not remain hidden.

A sweet voice is a real element of beauty. Moreover, it is a beauty that each one of us may have, because it comes with training, and, best of all, with self-training.—Selected.

A Common Story.

(Ethelwyn Wetherald, in the 'New England Homestead.')

If there was anything of which Amanda Moore had a horror, it was of commonness. She would not allow her friends to call her Mandy—'Mandy sounds so common;' nor would she deign to wear the fresh print gowns so becoming to her—'calico looks so common.' She was a little prim and stiff in her demeanor, from a fear of 'acting common,' and she grew up with the cherished opinion that many of the people in her neighborhood were so common she 'could not bear them.'

So it was with mingled joy and consternation that she heard of the proposed visit of her old school friend, Ellison Cotter. Mrs. Cotter, before her marriage, had been a Miss Ellison, and in giving her maiden name to her daughter, she had forever redeemed her, in the eyes at least, of Amanda Moore, from the possibility of commonness. Ellison had, however, a restful manner, a sweet voice, and a charming interested look when listening; but while Amanda rejoiced in these evidences of her friend's uncommonness, she shuddered to think of how that sensitive, high-bred spirit would be oppressed by the common people about her.

That visit was a succession of surprises to Amanada. In the first place, Ellison wore cotton dresses nearly every day and looked better in them, so her friend admitted, than in anything else she had. Then she seemed to enjoy every person she met and every hour she lived, and was not a bit haughty. In her secret soul Amanda thought it was rather nice to be haughty. Then she was not known to use a long word where a short word would do, and never appeared to be thinking of herself or of the impression she was making. 'And yet,' thought Amanda, 'anyone can see that Elnson Cotter is refined to the very core.'

'You must have found the people about here dreadfully common,' said Amanda, in the last few minutes of Ellison's visit, as the two girls were chatting in the train.

'In what way?' was the amazed inquiry.

'Oh, kind of limpish and dull.'

'Why, Amanda Moore, I should feel that I was limpish and dull if I thought so. I never met a common person in my life. Everyone is uncommon in some directions. That's why people are so interesting. They are all different, and not one but has some fine quality that marks him or her off from the rest. Just look for uncommonness and see what a lot you'll find. Why—'

But just then the train whistled and the two girls were forced to part.

Your Pastor.

Please show the 'Northern Messenger' to your pastor. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Little Mother.

(By Mrs. Maitland.)

It is 'over the hills and far away.'
The garden-land where the babies grow;
You can't get there though you walk all day,
And it's not the way that the street cars go.

I am so tired of those sawdust things
That every Christmas my grandma buys,
Of Ruth that cries, and of Rose that sings.
And of Maud that opens and shuts her eyes.

I want a doll that is nice and warm,
And soft to hug and sweet to kiss,
That goos and goos when it lies on your arm,
And has not a stupid head like this.

I'll write to-day to my Grandma Wade,
For fear she goes to the big bazaar
Where all the lovely toys are made,
And millions and millions of dollies are.

And tell her that now her Marjorie
Is far too big with a doll to play,
So she must a baby bring for me
From 'over the hills and far away.'

Children's Patience.

(By Alice Bennett, in the 'Christian.')

Must I be patient while a child?
Do you expect that I can be
So perfect now, while I am young,
As ne'er to speak impatiently?

Parents, of course, should patient be,
Though I so oft their patience try!
They need not scold nor punish me
E'en when I in sad tempers fly!

My teachers, too, I really think
Should patient be with girls and boys
Who do not care for learning much,
But like to play and make a noise!

Oh, yes, the older people, all
Must make allowances for me!
And, when I am grown up and wise,
No doubt I then shall patient be.

* * * *

But 'Ye have need of patience, child,'
Speaks clear a little voice within;
And Conscience says the 'text is mine'—
To learn it you must now begin.

You must be patient with your task,
Whether at home or school 'tis

The Rainy Day.

(By Helen Clifton, in the 'Child's Hour.)

Little Bobbie stood by the window watching the big raindrops fall; his face wore a troubled look, while now and then a teardrop trickled down, as if to keep company with the drops outside.

'Why, Bobbie,' exclaimed mother, 'what can be the matter with my little son?' '"I can't play with my shovel and rake all day long," cause it rains so hard.' And now Bobbie was crying in earnest.

The spring days had only just come, and after the long winter of frost and snow the green grass and the soft ground were very attractive; and only the day before Bobbie had received such a nice set of garden tools; he could hardly wait for morning to come so that he might use them in the garden, where Papa said he might dig until planting time, and then he might have a little garden of his own to plant seeds in.

Mother understood what a disappointment the rain was to the little fellow, so instead of telling him that it was not manly to cry—which of course, he already knew—she softly opened the window and asked Bobbie to listen a moment, and tell her what he heard. 'Peep, peep, peep,' came from a meadow not far away. 'Those are frogs,' said Bobbie. 'Yes,' said mother, 'and do you know what cheery little fellows they are? When all the world seems dreary and damp and cold, the dear little frogs make music, and cheer us up. And think how little they have to make them happy—only a muddy pool of water; no pretty blue sky, no bright green grass no lovely flowers. Besides, they have no pretty soft feathers to keep them warm, as the little birds have, and still how merrily they sing.

'Once when mother was a very little girl she was playing in the meadow near the pond one day, when she found a queer-looking lump of white jelly with black specks scattered through it; she took it home, and when her mamma saw it, she said, "We'll put it in a basin of water with some moss, and see what happens."

'Pretty soon the little black specks, which were growing all the time, began to wiggle about, the jelly all disappeared, and some little tadpoles with big black heads and long flat tails were swimming about. You may be sure mother was surprised when her mama told her that pretty soon the little tadpoles would turn into frogs, and hop away. And that is just what they did, and now whenever I hear the frogs singing in the spring, it always carries me back to those happy days when I watched my little tadpoles in the basin of water; and I always think of the little singers in the pond as my dear little friends.'

Bobbie's tears were all dried away now, and with a happy smile he sat down on the floor, and commenced building a block house for his younger brother.

set;
You must be patient, even though
The other children tease or fret.

* * * *

Oh dear! I fear 'tis very hard
To practise patience every day!
I'm sure 'tis quite impossible
Unless to God for help I pray.

Impatient words are sure to rise
When I am called from play to task;
Or, when friends much too busy are
To give me all the help I ask.

Yet, there's another text I know—
'My God shall at your need supply.'
So, when God says I patience need,
'Tis just to Him I have to fly.

So patiently I'll do my work,
And patiently I'll suffer pain;
And, as I often talk too fast,
My tongue to patience, too, I'll train.

Although this seems so hard at first,
In time, no doubt, 'twill easier be;
And then to God I'll give the praise
For teaching me so patiently.

Carl's Dream.

It was Sunday afternoon and Carl had been committing to memory a psalm. It was a warm, sultry day, and as he repeated the words of the verses over and over he soon grew sleepy. He turned the pages of his Bible to see if he could say the psalm without looking on, and his eye caught sight of a verse in Proverbs. Then half thinking of the verses he was learning and half of the one that had just attracted his attention, he fell asleep and dreamed.

He thought that a glass of wine stood on the table by his side. As he looked at it he thought, 'It is a beautiful color, I love red things; cherries, raspberries, strawberries, and jelly. If the wine tastes as good as those do, it ought to be pretty good.' Then it seemed to Carl as if a voice came from the glass and said: 'I taste very much better than any of those, Master Carl. You have no idea how good I taste, or how I will make you feel. Take a taste and see!'

Carl felt as if he would like to taste, but perhaps he ought not to do so, he had been told that wine was bad for him; then it seemed as if the wine became so strong that he could not resist it, he felt as if it was forcing him to drink. He had thought himself strong, but he felt like a weak baby struggling in the grasp of a big man, the wine seemed to take hold of his arms and lift them toward the glass as if to force him to put the drink to his lips. 'I am stronger than you,' said the wine, 'you need not try to struggle with me, I will make you drink,' and then in his dream he lifted the glass and drank.

He did not like it, it tasted horrid in his mouth, he wished, he could get rid of the taste, he would

never drink any more, yet the wine seemed to force him to drink more and more until it was all gone. 'Now,' thought Carl, 'it is all gone and I shall have no further trouble!' But the dregs in the bottom of the glass seemed to laugh at him and to say, 'Ha! ha! Master Carl, wasn't it good, just like cherries, raspberries, strawberries, and jelly?' Then it began again, 'You thought you were strong and could resist me, but you found you were mistaken, I am stronger than you are. I can make you do whatever I wish.'

Carl sat and thought about it in his sleep and wondered how it had happened, when again the wine seemed to speak, 'Oh, weren't you a silly boy to believe that I should taste good to you, or to think that you could outfight me? You think that you are very wise and that you could not be deceived, but I have misled you and ensnared you and you are anything but wise. Ho! ho! little boy.'

Then it seemed to Carl as if he heard a procession coming, he could hear the tramp of many feet, and he grew more frightened as it seemed to grow nearer and nearer. At last there appeared in the doorway a multitude of glasses of red wine, each one laughing and mocking him, and saying, 'You are not wise, we can deceive you, we are stronger than you.' He tried to cry out, to run away, and in his effort he awoke. At first he could not realize that it was all a dream and felt still terrified, but as he saw that he was alone and that the room held nothing to harm him, he said to himself, 'I will never touch strong drink of any kind. I believe, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: an whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."'—Ruth Mowry Brown, 'Child's Hour.'

'This Little Pig Went to Market.'

(By Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.)

'This little pig went to market,'
Softly the mother said,
'And this one stayed'—but the little maid
Nodded her curly head;
And ten pink toes were folded
Under the dainty gown,
And the mother smiled as she laid the child
In its little bed of down.

The fire died out on the hearthstone,
The stars shone up in the sky,
And mother and child were dreaming,
When up from the cradle a cry
Outbroke on the silent shadows:
'Oh mamma! be quick and come!
This little pig went to market,
And now he's comed again home;
And I've got the poor little piggy
Here, in my warm bed.'
But the mother thought she was dreaming,
'Sleep on, little darling,' she said,
'But I can't, for piggy, he wiggles
And wiggles, and won't be done.
Do get him some bread and butter,
For this little pig had none.'

The mother went to the bedside,
And over her darling bent,
And there was a little white kitten,
Purring in calm content.
'Why, pet, it is only poor kitty
Lying upon your arm;
It is cold in her little basket;
She comes to you to get warm.'
Said the child, her white lids drooping
Soft o'er her sleepy eyes,
'I thought it was the little piggy,
That squeals, and wiggles, and cwies,
I thought that he went to market,
And runned away home again,
And showed me all of his toeses,
And he hadn't as much as ten;
But he said he had much as thirty,
And I didn't want him to creep
In bed with his thirty toes dirty,
And then'—she was fast asleep.

Geography and Bed.

(By C. G. Alberger, in 'St. Nicholas.')

'This world is rolling round in space'—
That's what my teacher said;
So now I know why, Monday night,
I tumbled out of bed.

HOUSEHOLD.

God Will.

(By Florence Josephine Boyce.)

Wait not for the golden future
The goal of life to bring,
Nor listen to catch the music
To-morrow's voices sing;
But stand with a firm endeavor
That hope may not relax,
Get your spindle and distaff ready,
And God will send the flax.

The way we are passing leads us
Oft in a path of pain;
Sometimes do our steps seem bringing
More of the loss than gain;
But the present onward marches
Are paying the future's tax;
Get your spindle and distaff ready
And God will send the flax.

Making the Patient's Bed.

The first thing to be considered is the bed. A firm hair mattress should always be used, with a thin blanket or covering of some kind under the lower sheet.

After long service all mattresses are inclined to sink in the middle and become very uncomfortable to lie upon for any length of time. A blanket folded lengthwise and placed under the mattress in the middle of the bed, or two flat pillows, will overcome this difficulty. When there is much fever, a hair pillow, though harder, will be found much cooler than a feather one.

I cannot too strongly recommend the use of a number of small pillows, of all shapes and sizes, more especially during long cases of illness, when they will prove of the greatest comfort, for you can tuck them in odd corners, under the back and shoulders, as a help to keep up the knees, and thus take all strain from the back, forming comfortable resting-places for injured limbs, and supporting the weight of the clothes from sensitive parts of the body. I heard of a confirmed invalid lately who found such comfort out of an assortment of pillows that she made use of no less than thirty all the time, and by changing them round in different positions she found the greatest rest and refreshment.

Small pillows may be made of cotton or wool, covered with cheese cloth or old linen, and will answer the purpose quite as well as the more expensive ones of feather or down.

It is much wiser to use cotton sheets in sickness instead of linen, unless perhaps in summer time, as there is a certain chilly feeling about linen which is not comfortable to a delicate person.

In making the bed, three sheets are required, also, as a rule, a piece of rubber sheeting about three-quarters of a yard wide to be used under the draw sheet. In cases of slight illness, where there is no danger of the patient soiling the mattress, the rubber sheeting may be dispensed with, as it causes unnecessary perspiration, and if it becomes wrinkled under the patient may even lead to bed-sores. It requires real art to arrange a bed for a sick person, so that it will be thoroughly comfortable and free from wrinkles.

The under sheet must be drawn very smoothly and well tucked in. If your patient is heavy or inclined to restlessness, you will find it of great advantage to pin the under-sheet at the four corners with safety pins. Over the under sheet and across the middle of the bed, lay the rubber sheet, pin it at the corners and cover with the draw sheet, which is a small sheet folded to the width of the rubber and tucked firmly over it on both sides of the bed. The advantage of the draw sheet is that it may be changed as often as may be required without disturbing the patient, and it serves to keep the under sheet clean much longer.

In putting on the upper sheet leave a good margin turned over at the top to cover the blanket. Instead of a heavy white spread, place over the blanket another sheet or a dimity counterpane. The heavy bed-spreads have no real warmth in them, and only give additional weight to the bedclothes, which is most undesirable while your patient is weak and requires all his strength. I will explain later how a bed can be changed without disturbing the patient.

The three great points to be observed about a sick bed are perfect cleanliness, no crumbs and no wrinkles. Should the supply of linen be limited, as it often is during a long illness, a clean pillow case can be made to do duty for a double period. Change it at night and hang it out to air until the morning, when it will be fresh for the day. The upper sheet, which is often only crushed and not really soiled, can be straightened, folded, and used for a draw sheet.

Crumbs should be brushed off after every meal with a little whisk broom and the draw sheet pulled tightly and smoothly two or three times during the day, to avoid wrinkles.

Arrangement of Pillows.

The pillows should be turned frequently, as they soon get hot and uncomfortable, and they also need a good shaking occasionally, which, however, must not be done on the bed, as it jars the patient.

In order to raise a sick person while changing the pillows or to draw him up in the bed, let him clasp his arms firmly round your neck, then place one hand well under his back, and lift gently and slowly, while with the other hand you slip out the soiled pillow and put in the clean one. When the patient is too sick to help himself, get someone to assist you, and with one person on each side of the bed, clasping each other's wrists firmly under the shoulders and back of the patient, you can raise and draw him up in bed without any strain or fatigue.

How to Change the Sheets.

With regard to changing the sheets on a bed when the patient is in it, you may easily manage after a little practice. Have the clean sheets ready, well aired and warmed, and shut the door and windows, so that the room may be comfortable. The undersheet is changed first. Turn the patient over on one side, away from you, fold the soiled sheet tightly, in flat folds, close up to the patient. Lay the clean sheet on the side of the bed near you, half of it folded up against the roll of the soiled sheet, so that they can both be slipped under the body at the same time. Tuck in the clean sheet on that side of the bed, then cross to the other side, turn your patient back on the opposite side, gently pull out the soiled sheet from underneath, and afterward draw the folds of the clean one. Pull straight, firmly, and tuck in neatly. It is quite easy in this way to change the draw sheet, rubber sheeting and under sheet all at the same time. To change the upper sheet without exposing your patient, loosen all the clothes at the foot of the bed, and spread the clean sheet and a blanket on top of the other bedclothes. Then with one hand hold the clean sheet and blanket up to the neck of your patient, and with the other slip down the soiled clothes underneath right over the foot of the bed; tuck in the fresh bedclothes and put on the counterpane. All this may be accomplished in almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, and without any especial fatigue to the invalid.

Sitting on the side of the bed or leaning heavily against it ought not to be allowed, as it is very trying to a nervous patient.—'Western Christian Advocate.'

Domestic Bliss.

There can be no question that the whole scheme of domestic detail; the myriad petty trials of nursery and kitchen; the baby's fall and disfiguring bump on his pretty forehead, and the leak of the cellar water-pipe, are not intended to occupy an eager and intelligent masculine mind. That man who does not enjoy an absorbing, faithful, eager, unavoidable form of work which takes all his powers and uses all his energies is not worthy of his birthright. It is a good, an inestimably good thing, that has come to him, this necessity to leave his home every morning and go forth to meet his fellow men and do his share in the world's work. And when wife and child and roof and fireside depend on what he brings out of the struggle, he has an incentive which makes success a triumph and a joy.

The mere regretful glance, the light gesture of farewell as the home door frames a watching wife who lingers to see him pass out of sight, is good for that love which must burn clearer, being human, for the desire to remain; and the day is sweetened all along its lines to the wife who counts the time until the approach of evening which shall bring him back.

The hasty word—alas, that we all carry these poisoned arrows about with us!—has ceased to sting during those intervening hours, and from whichever side it took its hurtful flight it is only remembered to be regretted. When coming out of the maelstrom of the exchange, or shaking off the dust of the court-room, a man seeks a home delicately ordered, and a wife, who, though she may sometimes irritate, is always the dearest thing in the world to him, he rarely harbors hard thoughts.

There is an inherent respect and admiration in a normal woman's heart for a working man. The admiration may be greatest when she feels that she is the cause of his strenuous endeavor, but it is vigorous and great even when he labors for a cause—his estate and what it involves of human responsibilities; his country and its government; science, art, philanthropy—anything, so that it includes and requires the labor of heart and mind. And even the poor wife who watches for her man's footstep, weary and heavy though it may be, as he comes homeward with his tools upon his shoulder, has a glow of complacent pride in the result of his toil.

Out of the working world every man carries a sheaf of some harvest as he turns homeward. Even the farmer from his furrow brings some gleaning of new discovery and a story of nature's alchemy. The plodding man bends over a ledger all the toilsome day, yet gathers hints of what is doing in the vast world of trade and commerce; the tradesman never repeats his yesterday's experience. The hours of labor add something to this mental store, and it is shared about the evening meal.

And all that comes from without has its equivalent within. All the dear schemes for making new the old and defaced; for creating changes of beauty and comfort at only the cost of ingenuity and invention; all the disciplinary part of household government, all the needful receiving and entertaining of those who are distracting and wearisome to a husband, come within these hours of separation. The whole scheme of the petty everyday experience of a woman's life can be crowded into the hours of his absence and leave a place of large rest and perfect peace for a husband's refreshment.—'Home Thoughts.'

My Mother's Garden.

(Alice M. Allen.)

Her heart was like her garden,
Old-fashioned, quaint and sweet,
A wealth of buds and blossoms
Hid in a still retreat.
Sweet violets of sympathy
Were always opening there,
And lilies white and pure unclosed,
Each one a whispered prayer.

Forget-me-nots there lingered,
To late perfection brought,
And there bloomed purple pansies
In many a tender thought.
There hope's first snowdrops took deep root
And flowered because they must;
There love's own roses reached toward heaven
On trellisses of trust.

And in that quiet garden—
The garden of her heart—
Song-birds built nests, and carolled
Their songs of cheer apart;
And from it still floats back to us,
O'ercoming sin and strife,
Sweet as the breath of roses blown,
The fragrance of her life.

'Canadian Pictorial.'

Coupon No. 2. Worth 35c.

Enclosed please find 65 cents, which, with this coupon, worth 35 cents, will pay for the 'Canadian Pictorial' for one year. We get the 'Messenger' but I have not taken the Canadian 'Pictorial' before.

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

EXTRAORDINARY OFFERS.

Below Cost for Introduction Purposes.

'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.'

Coupon No. 1. Worth 35c.

Enclosed please find 65 cents, which, with this coupon, worth 35 cents, will pay for the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' for one year. I get the 'Messenger' but have not been taking the 'Witness.'

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

For 'Messenger' readers whether they subscribe direct or through their Sunday School.

To take advantage of these coupons, at least one of the publications selected must be new to the person subscribing.

In the case where subscribers have been taking the desired publications in the past they will find clubbing offers for renewing such combinations in condensed form, single column width on page 20.

'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD' $1.00 a Year.
'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' $1.00 a Year.

BOTH FOR ONE DOLLAR WITH COUPON No. 3.

The 'Messenger' and one of the above with Coupon No. 4.
The 'Messenger' and both of above with Coupon No. 5.
Coupons 1, 2 and 3 for S.S. Teachers and Scholars, or for those whose subscriptions to the 'Messenger' are not due just now.

Coupon No. 3. Worth $1.00.

'Canadian Pictorial.'
'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.'

Enclosed please find $1.00, which, with this coupon, worth $1.00, will pay for the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead, and the 'Canadian Pictorial' both for one year.

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

Coupon No. 4. Worth 40c.

'Canadian Pictorial,'
with 'Messenger,' OR
'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,'
with 'Messenger.'

Enclosed please find $1.00, which, with this coupon, worth 40 cents, will pay for the 'Northern Messenger' and the*..... .....for one year.

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

*Insert here the name of whichever of the two above-mentioned papers is wanted along with the 'Messenger.'

Coupon No. 5. Worth $1.25.

'Northern Messenger.'
'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.'
'Canadian Pictorial.'

Enclosed please find $1.15, which, with this coupon, worth $1.25, will pay for the three papers mentioned above, one year each.

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

THE ONLY CONDITIONS WITH ABOVE RATES ARE:—1. That subscription MUST be sent on one of these coupons; and (2) that one at least of the papers in any combination must be NEW to the person remitting.

Send in postal note, money order, or registered letter to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers of 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' and agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Address, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL.'

1908 PROGRAMME
INCLUDES
MORE PAGES MORE PICTURES MORE FEATURES
than last year, and its
Four Special Numbers will delight everyone.

Just see what others say of it and try it for yourself, using one of the coupons given above.—Read January Contents on another page.

I enclose renewal of my subscription for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with which I am very much pleased, and which I think reflects great credit on the publishers. R. Wallace, Westwood, Mass.

You have struck the right note for a Canadian pictorial publication, in tone, sentiment and make-up. Success to you. G. H. Burnett, St. John, N.B.

'The 'Canadian Pictorial' is a marvel for cheapness and excellence. I wish you great success with it.'—Rev. T. B. Darby, Carbonear, Nfld.

'I herewith enclose P. O. order to renew my subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' for 1908. I like the publication very much. It is always welcome to my table.—A. T. Colter, Oakville, Ont.

'Kindly renew my subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial'; also please renew Mrs. ———'s subscription, for which I enclose postal note. The magazine is invaluable.'—Mrs. John Ellis, Chatham, N.B.

'Your 'Pictorial' is worthy of national patronage and encouragement.'—Rev. W. Bowman Tucker, M.A., Ph.D., St. Johns, Que.

'Please find enclosed renewal for 'Canadian Pictorial.' I am greatly pleased with this publication. No true Canadian should be without it.'—Geo. Martin, Penhold, Alta.

'The 'Pictorial' is the best yet.'—Claude A. Standing, Belmont, Man.

'If you have not yet seen the 'Canadian Pictorial' there is a great pleasure in store for you. The 'Canadian Pictorial' has no counterpart in its special field. It is the most expensively produced illustrated publication in Canada.'—'Mail and Empire,' Toronto, Ont.

'The 'Canadian Pictorial' displays excellent workmanship, and every illustration is a work of art. The pictures are fine; some fit for framing.—'The Mining Record,' Stellarton, N.S.

It bears out its undertaking to give its patrons only the highest class of work, and certainly offers them the maximum of pictures.—'Star,' Toronto, Ont.

The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter St., Montreal.

THE 'WITNESS'

What it is and what the people think of it.

The 'Witness' is more strenuous than ever in its efforts for the general well being of the country, and the larger its subscription list the greater will be its influence. We commend you to what others have said of the 'Witness' in the following quotations from men and publications of note throughout Canada.

The 'Witness' (Daily and Weekly), gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

Reliable commercial news and quotations of the money, stock, and produce markets are features that make it of great value in the world of commerce, finance, and agriculture.

The 'Witness' special departments, such as 'The Home,' 'Literary Review,' 'Letters from Readers,' 'Boys' Page,' 'Children's Corner,' 'Queries,' 'Agricultural,' 'Horticultural,' 'Veterinary,' 'Poultry,' 'Pets,' 'Medical,' 'Legal,' 'Numismatic,' 'Chess,' etc., are ably conducted by specialists at a large expense, offering a most valuable privilege to 'Witness' readers.

In 1846 the 'Witness' was started by the late John Dougall, and few papers have had a continuous existence for so long a period. Fewer still have held to the same principles and have been controlled by the same family for anything like so long a time.

The 'Witness' is certainly unique among the great metropolitan newspapers of the world.

EMINENT MEN

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister, writes:—

Prime Minister's office, Otta wa.

All must recognize and admire the elevated tone with which you have always maintained your views in the discussion of all questions, and especially with regard to those vexed problems too often recurring in our national life. Whenever you differed from me, and thought me in the wrong, your criticisms in the 'Witness' derived all the greater force from my intimate conviction that they were inspired by that same sense of public duty.

Yours very sincerely,

WILFRID LAURIER.

The 'Christian Guardian' says:—

The 'Witness' deserves the good words that have been said of it.

The 'Dominion Presbyterian' says:—

The 'Witness' was never better or more useful than it is to-day.

Mr. R. L. Borden, the Leader of the Opposition, writes:—

House of Commons, Ottawa.

The responsibilities of a public journal are not less than those of a public man. In fulfilling these, the 'Witness' has manifested, in an eminent degree, the qualities of courage and sincerity. Moreover, it has always aimed to uplift the standard of journalism in this country.

R. L. BORDEN.

His Grace the late Archbishop Bond, Anglican Primate of all Canada, wrote:—

I trust the future of the 'Witness' may be blessed of God for increased power for good, and still larger usefulness in promoting the religious character of this magnificent Dominion.

THE PRESS

The 'Witness' is by far the most influential paper in Canada.—'Herald,' Comber, Ont.

For honest news, independent criticism and advanced thought, the 'Witness' is in the lead.—Leader,' Parsboro, N.S.

The 'Witness' is certainly the leading daily paper of Canada.—'Advertiser,' Hartland, N.B.

The 'Witness' is without exception the most reliable paper in Canada.—'Republican,' Cohoes, N.Y.

The 'Witness' is one of the most vigorous journals of the Dominion.—'The Wesleyan,' Halifax.

The Montreal 'Witness' is one of the best papers published. —'Statesman,' Bowmanville, Ont.

The 'Witness'—the good old favorite family newspaper.—'Statesman,' Bowmanville, Ont.

The 'Witness' has a great hold upon the public mind.—'Ontario Gleaner.

The Montreal 'Witness' is well-known as one of the best papers in Canada.—'Argus,' Hastings, Ont.

The 'Witness' pursues a straight course.—'Observer,' Sarnia, Ont.

No metropolitan newspaper is more respected than the "Witness."—'Topic,' Petrolea, Ont.,

It is to the credit of Canadians that this valuable daily (the Montreal 'Witness') is being more and more appreciated by them.—'Observer,' Coaticook, Que.

The 'Witness' editorials are models of fairness.—'Standard,' Hawkesbury, Ont.

The 'Witness' stands pre-eminent among newspapers for reliability and honesty of purpose.—'Reporter,' Kingsville, Ont.

The 'Witness' is one of the strongest and healthiest influences in Canadian journalism.—'Daily Express,' Woodstock, Ont.

The 'Witness' is one of the best and most reliable newspapers published in the Dominion and deserves the large patronage it receives.—'Recorder,' Mitchell, Ont.

The 'Witness' has shown itself one of Canada's leading papers. It is deserving of warm commendation from all who are interested in the development of Canada.—'Tribune,' Sackville, N.B.

The Montreal 'Witness' has issued a special industrial number, which is a credit to that newspaper, and also to the city in which it is printed.
city in which it is printed.—'Star,' Toronto, Ont.

The 'Witness' is always up-to-date in its ideas.—'Mirror,' Meaford, Ont.

Hundreds of other similar references could be quoted did space permit, including nearly all the leading papers in Canada. But few would have time to read more, and no one would need more than the above to convince them of the position the 'Witness' occupies throughout Canada.

The 'Daily Witness,' $3.00 a year.
The 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' $1.00 a year.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

PREMIUMS! PREMIUMS! PREMIUMS!

Open to Our Subscribers and their Families

given free as a return for a little pleasant work in introducing our publication into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expressly stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums— quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS are those who have not before taken the paper, or who, at least, have not been on our mailing list within the last two years; in short, whose subcription means a genuine increase in our circulation.

RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

SOUVENIR INDIAN SPOONS.

Full size, heavy sterling teaspoon, handle beautifully ornamented with head of Indian and paddle. Impossible to do justice in a few words to this handsome spoon—given for TEN NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each. Bowl may be engraved to order—any one name—without extra charge.

SOUVENIR 'PROVINCE' SPOONS.

Coffee size, sterling silver, handle finished with coat of arms of the various provinces in beautifully colored hard enamel. One of these spoons with coat of arms of one's own province, and the name of one's town or Christian name engraved on the bowl would be a life long pleasure to the owner. No extra charge for engraving any one name on the bowl. Gold or silver finish as desired. One of these sterling spoons free for FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

STERLING 'KING AND QUEEN' SPOON.

Coffee size, sterling silver souvenir spoons, handle showing head of King or head of Queen as selected.

Bowl may be engraved to order—any one name—a very pretty spoon indeed. May be had in either silver or gold finish. Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

STERLING SILVER TEASPOONS.

Full sized teaspoon, sterling silver, 'Diana' pattern, a stock design that may be duplicated any time, a very beautiful spoon. One spoon free for SIX NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each. The beauty of this offer is that one can add steadily to one's stock, piece by piece, first teaspoons, then forks, etc., as may be desired, and in time secure a very handsome and very valuable set of sterling silver without a cent of cash outlay, purely by a little persistent yet pleasant work.

HANDSOME SET OF TEA SPOONS.

Any housekeeper would appreciate a set of six '1847 Rogers' best plated teaspoons. They will wear for a life-time.

One set of six spoons, packed in neat satin-lined box, sent free for ELEVEN NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

N.B.—Other first quality plated tableware of the same design may be added in similar way.

FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS.

Very handy for school use—or for the work bag. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

STAMP AND PAD FREE.

Any boy will be charmed with this rubber stamp, with his name and address on and self-inking pad; with care should last for years. Free for FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

GOLD NIBBED FOUNTAIN PEN.

A very satisfactory fountain pen, guaranteed by the makers to be 14k. gold nib well hammered, ensuring elasticity and easy writing. Usually sod at $1.75 to $2.00. Given for only FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

SAFETY RAZOR.

If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

FARMERS' KNIFE.

A splendid combination article, strong buckhorn handle, seven useful tools in one, besides two fine blades—Sheffield make. A knife for every practical man.'

Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

PRETTY GOLD LOCKET AND CHAIN

One of the most admired of all our premiums. Splendid quality 14k. gold-filled, bright or dull finish; twisted rope chain and heart-shaped locket, medium size; with place for two portraits. Both locket and chain given for TWELVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

Either locket or chain alone for SIX NEW subscriptions, as above.

N.B.—For 15 cents a letter, in cash, or for four renewals at 40 cents each, we will have locket engraved with handsome monogram, two or three letters.

RED LETTER ART BIBLE.

A handsome large type illustrated Bible, leather bound, splendidly finished in every way; 35 half-tone engravings, 3 colored illustrations, 17 maps, 4,500 questions on Bible subjects besides the usual helps. Prophecies about Christ and words of Christ printed in red.

Free for only TWELVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER TEACHER'S BIBLE.

A large Bible printed in Long Primer type; index, concordance, maps, illustrations, 150 pages of valuable 'Aids to Bible Study.' This style is in very great demand for adult Bible classes, Men's Own meetings, as well as for Sunday School teachers.

Free for only EIGHT NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

SCHOLAR'S BIBLE.

A 'Minion' Bagster Bible—just the size for S. S. use. Free for THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

A USEFUL JACKNIFE.

A fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut shows style and make. Knife closed is four inches long. A useful tool for the adult, while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Free for only FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

A FINE SET OF CARVERS FREE.

No better gift to any housewife. Sheffield make; blade 8 inches long; automatic spring guard, buckhorn handles. Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCHPIN.

One Maple Leaf Brooch Pin in colored hard enamel, with word 'Canada' across the face, given for only ONE NEW subscriber to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, or Stick Pin, if preferred.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

FIVE INCH SCISSORS.

Just the thing for the work basket. Celebrated Boker make—good quality steel. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

A SERVICEABLE WATCH.

Ingersoll 'Yankee,' Stem wind, stem set. Guaranteed. A good practical article. Satisfies any man, delights every boy. With care lasts for years.

Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

GIRL'S PEN KNIFE.

Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pearl to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

PASSEPARTOUT OUTFIT FREE

All needed supplies (Dennison's best) for making this popular work—12 mats, 12 backs, 10 rolls colored binding, tags, rings, tube glue, tube paste and glasscutter, with book of directions. Free for TEN NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

CUTTING SHEARS.

Indispensable to the home dressmaker. Eight inches long. Best tempered steel. Every pair warranted by the makers.

Free to an old subscriber sending his own renewal at 40 cents and TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

FIRST CLASS CAMERA FREE.

Snap-shot or time. Standard make. Best on the market for the money.

No. 1. Size of picture 2 1-4 x 2 1-4 in.

Free for SEVEN NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

One roll of films, 6 exposures, sent gratis with this camera.

No. 2 Size of picture, 2 1-4 x 3 1-4 in.

Free for THIRTEEN bonafide NEW subscribers to the 'Weekly Witness,' at $1.00 each. Two rolls of films (each six exposures), sent gratis with this camera.

N.B.—Where desired, ONE NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' at $1.00 may be substituted for TWO to the 'Messenger.'

REMEMBER! All the above premium offers are for absolutely new subscriptions at 40 cents each. Two renewals at 40 cents to count as one new subscription. Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample copies, and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on application.

Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

KEEP THIS PAGE FOR REFERENCE, IT MAY NOT APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

Childhood.

If childhood were not in the world,
But only men and women grown;
No baby locks in tendrils curled,
No baby blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,
And nearer all delights in reach,
And verse and music uttered rarer
Tones of a godlike speech;

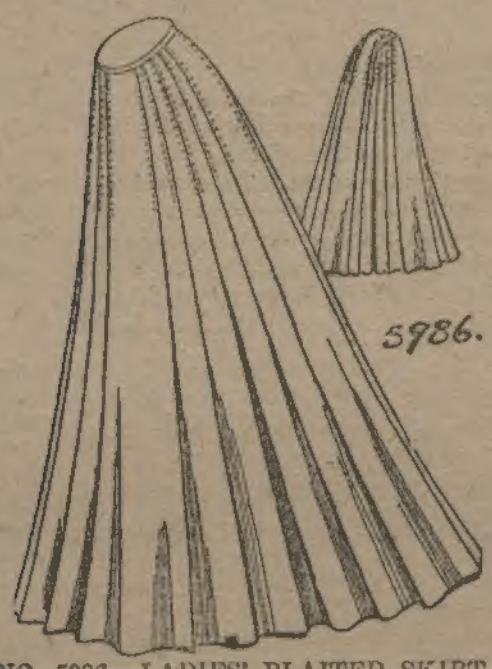
Though the utmost life of life's best hours
Found, as it can not now find, words;
Though desert sands were sweet as flowers,
And flowers could sing like birds.

But children never heard them, never
They felt a child's foot leap and run,
This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun.

—Algernon Swinburne.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.



NO. 5986.—LADIES' PLAITED SKIRT.

This graceful walking skirt is given the fashionable close fit about the waist by the plaits being stitched to deep yoke depth, and allowed to flare below that point in well-pressed folds, thus producing the necessary fulness at the lower edge. This design is suitable for broadcloth, Panama, voile, and English suiting. For 26-inch waist measure 6 3-4 yards of 44-inch material will be required. Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure.

A CHARMING HOUSE JACKET.

No. 5959.

A comfortable dressing sacque that is at the same time dainty and becoming is an indispensable garment. Such a one is here pictured in French flannel, trimmed with a bias frill of silk. Box pleats stitched down a short distance are arranged in front and back, or if preferred the upper edge may be simply gathered and attached to the yoke. The sleeves are prettily finished by a deep frill and a belt of the material renders the jacket exceedingly neat and attractive. Cashmere, challis, albatross, China silk, lawn and cotton crepe are all suitable for development. For 36 inch bust measure, 3 3-4 yards of 36 inch material will be required. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER' PATTERN COUPON.

Please send me

Pattern.	Size.
No..	... .
No..	....
No..	... .
No..	... .

for which I enclose .. .. .. cents

Name ....

Address..... ....

....

....

N.B.—It is always safer to cut out illustrations and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. Allow one week beyond time needed for return of post, as orders are handled in rotation. Price, 10 cents, in stamps or postal note. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

Ottawa, Dec. 23, 1907.

John Dougall & Son,

'Witness' Block, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—I received the watch, chain, and scarf pin on the 21st instant, and I am very much pleased with them. I think them splendid pay for all the work I had in selling 25 'Pictorials,' and I thank you very much. Yours respectfully,

GORDON BROWN.

(The pin—a pretty Maple Leaf Scarf Pin—is our 'extra' when watch and chain are earned in one month, and sent together.).

See contents of New Year's number elsewhere in this issue.

Your father or mother would be glad to see the big offers we make them on page 13.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

Selected Recipe.

German Pie.—Take eight ounces of very stale bread-crumbs. Add to them six ounces of well washed, picked, and dried sultana raisins. Pour over them half a pint of boiling milk. Leave until most of the milk has been absorbed. Then beat up lightly, but thoroughly. Now add a pound and a half of cored, peeled, and very thinly-sliced apples. Mix well. Add coarse brown sugar and all-spice to taste. Fill a well-greased pie-dish with the mixture. Cover the top with thin rounds of stale bread which have been dipped in boiling milk. Dust thickly with brown sugar and lightly with allspice. Place a few bits of butter here and there, and bake in a moderately hot oven. If it is desired to make the pudding very nourishing, a gill of cream may be gently stirred in before the cover is put on. (Note that the slices of bread should be arranged in such a manner that they overlap each other—the two end one's being, of course, only half rounds.) Day-old bread may be used for the rounds if liked. This is a pudding much liked by nursery folk as a rule.

THE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies .. ..$ .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for .. .. 1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy .. .. .30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy .. .. .20 "
Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage Included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

CLUB OFFERS.

'Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' worth $3.40, for.. .. ..**$3.10**
'Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness,' worth $1.40, for.. .. ..**$1.20**
'Messenger' and 'World Wide,' worth $1.90, for.. .. ..**$1.75**
'Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide,' worth $2.80, for only.. .. ..**$2.20**
'Canadian Pictorial,' our best premium, may be added to the above clubs for only fifty cents extra.
'Messenger' and 'Pictorial,' worth $1.40, for.. .. ..**$1.00**

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUBS.

'Northern Messenger,' 'Daily Witness,' 'World Wide,' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' $5.90.. .. ..**$3.70**
'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' $3.90.. .. ..**$2.70**

N.B.—The club rates include many foreign countries, but not such countries as require extra postage (including the United States and its dependencies) nor is the city of Montreal or its suburbs included in the above club offers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'